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### PRIZE TALE.

#### THE CONTRAST.—BY S. STEVENS.

In the year 1825, Lord Selkirk, the principal agent of the Hudson Bay Company, was on the eve of starting a fleet of canoes to the north, with supplies for the numerous trading establishments upon lakes Huron and Superior. Already had he enlisted a sufficient number of men, who were willing to quit the abode of civilized man, and take up their residence among the inhospitable snows of the north. The company of enlisted canoe men were encamped on the bank of the Ottawa, not more than a mile from the city of Montreal, where they were anxiously waiting the time specified for their departure. The evening previous to the day on which they were to start, the beautiful Indian canoes, to the number of fifteen, were lifted out of the river and turned upon their side in such a manner that they made a covering for the crews. Before each canoe was burning a bright wood fire, around which were gathered the men sitting upon the ground, and listening to some legendary tale of the Esquimaux or Blackfoot Indians, that was told by some veteran northwesterner, who was about to make the second trip into their country.

As these hardy Canadians gathered around their fires, which were overshadowed by a beautiful grove of elms, they formed as unique a concourse of human beings as were ever congregated. The most of them wore coats manufactured from the Indian blanket, cut in such a manner as to bring a strip of the border of blue over each shoulder. Around their waists was buckled a stout leathern strap, to which was suspended a huge knife, that, together with the hideous caps they wore, gave them rather a savage or warlike appearance. Their caps were made from the skins of some northern animal, and, in fact, I can say with some propriety, that every animal to be found north of lake Superior, was represented in the caps of this band of adventurers. The costume of such of them as had spent one term in the service of the company partook more or less of the Indian fashion, as they found their dress to be more adapted to the climate. Some of them had resided so long in the Indian country, that they had not only adopted the dress and manners of the tribes, but they had renounced or forgotten their mother tongue, and conversed entirely in the dialect of such nations as they happened to reside amongst. In the course of the evening many a Canadian boat song broke in upon the stillness of the adjoining woods, that made them re-echo to the sound. All appeared to be happy. Those of the company who had been into the interior were eloquent in their praises or descriptions of the enjoyment to be realized there over and above what they could have in the confined and pent-up city.

The next morning, with the rising of the sun, teams heavily loaded began to arrive at the encampment. The canoes were placed upon the element for which they were destined, and by noon they had received all the lading they were to carry, and they waited for nought but Lord Selkirk, and his three companions, that were to accompany him in the character of clerks or foremen. Several hundred citizens had assembled upon the bank of the river to witness the departure of the fur traders. All was now in readiness; every canoe man was in his seat, and with paddle in hand, was anxiously waiting the signal to start. Presently a train of carriages was seen approaching, the foremost one bearing a flag, on which was written in golden letters the name of Lord Selkirk. The carriages halted upon the bank of the river, and after the people had descended to the ground, Lord Selkirk and his companions bade adieu to their friends, stepped into the canoes, and pushed off from the shore amidst the deafening huzzas of the citizens. When the people had finished their cheering, the Canadians struck up their favorite boat song, and with long and powerful strokes of their paddles soon sent their light canoes around a point of land that hid them from the view of the people on shore, who soon after returned to the city. The voyagers, left now to themselves, proceeded leisurely up the Ottawa, Selkirk and his companions amusing themselves with their rifles, and as the motion of the canoes did not prevent their firing with accuracy, many a delicious duck was stowed in the boats previous to their stopping for the night. When the sun began to disappear in the west, orders were given to the foremost canoe to look out a suitable place for encamping. And as at the time of which we write, numerous bands of Indians that resided about the lake of the two Mountains, were so frequently encamped upon the bank of the Ottawa, in their trips to and from Montreal, they had not far to go before they espied an opening on the bank with here and there a tent-pole sticking in the earth, that proclaimed it an encamping ground. The canoes were brought carefully along the shore; the most valuable of the lading taken out and covered with a ponderous oil-cloth to protect in case of a storm. A tent was then pitched for Selkirk and his companions, while the canoe-men preferred sleeping in the open air. By the time day light had fairly disappeared, many a bright fire was burning throughout the encampment, that lit up the adjoining forest and gave it a picturesque and splendid appearance. Men were busily engaged in sticking stakes near the fire in such a manner that by securing them at the top a camp-kettle could be attached, wherein they were to cook their evening's meal.

While all was hurry and bustle amongst the cooks in preparing the first meal, we must be allowed to leave them, and change the scene into one of the principal streets in the city, which, to follow a straight course, was distant from the encampment only

about three miles, whereas, in following the meanderings of the river, it was upwards of ten. It was about eight o'clock in the evening, when a young man was seen to come out of one of the principal hotels, carrying upon his shoulder a rifle and sundry other equipments of a hunter. He carried upon his back a blanket, which, by the by, was considered as a part of a hunter's equipage, as in their excursions, they not unfrequently spend a night in the open air, and the blanket was a necessary article to protect them from the cold.

The young man introduced as issuing from the hotel, we shall call Graveat, and as he is the person we should fain consider the hero of our tale, we forthwith proceed to give the reader a sketch of his history. He was the only son of a Scotch gentleman, who, some fifteen years previous, had arrived in Montreal, and embarked in commercial pursuits, wherein he had been remarkably fortunate, and had accumulated a handsome fortune. Jacob his son had grown up respected and beloved by all his acquaintance, and his fine natural as well as acquired talents rendered him an ornament to the society in which he mingled. When at the age of twenty-three, his father died, leaving him his entire fortune. But the generous, noble, and unsuspecting disposition of Jacob unfitted him for intercourse with a selfish and intriguing world, and suffice it to say, within three years from the death of his father, his princely fortune was irretrievably lost. And the false friends who had assisted in its dissipation, began to cut his acquaintance. For a few months, Graveat bore his change of circumstances with concern. But when persons whom he was wont to consider his dearest friends, began to treat him with neglect, a gloom wore upon his spirits, and he inwardly mourned the unworthiness of the greater mass of his fellow-men. He however continued to struggle against his adverse fortune, until a young lady to whom he had been for some time engaged to be married, and was sincerely attached, told him that from the change in his circumstances, she had been led to change her mind. This was the unkindest cut of all. To find the person whom he had considered the perfection of human goodness, destitute of one generous feeling, nearly sapped the basis of his reason. It severed the only remaining link between him and society, and he determined to quit the city never again to return.

Graveat had considered the departure of the fur traders an excellent opportunity for him to quit the civilized world, for which he had conceived a lasting disgust, but his little remaining pride had hindered him from joining them at the time they left before the eyes of so large a concourse of people. But as soon as the shades of evening began to shed her darkening mantle over the busy city, he sallied forth from his pallet, eager to overtake the band of adventurers and join their company.

His frequent hunting excursions had brought him so often in contact with the tribes of Indians that lived in the neighborhood of Montreal, that their dialect had become familiar to him. He was also acquainted with all their hunting paths and trails, and knew which one would most likely take him nearest the spot where the company of traders had encamped. After leaving the paved streets of the city, he struck into one of the narrow trails and passed hurriedly along, inwardly musing upon the course he was taking. At times he was almost on the point of retracing his steps, but a vivid sense of his circumstances would flash across his brain, and when he remembered how he had been treated by those he had considered his dearest friends, the thought would hurry him onward, reckless of consequences. In the mean time, the party at the encampment had finished their evening's meal, and Lord Selkirk had requested a few verses of a song, to dispel the gloom which the thoughts of the friends and home he was leaving, occasioned. But perhaps he was the only individual of the party that felt a moiety of regret for their departure. The first verse of a song was sung to which they all joined in chorus, and in voices so loud that they made the adjoining woods ring with their merry peals. The second verse was sung, and many of the Canadians persisted in saying that the words of the chorus were repeated by some person at a distance in the forest. The third was sung, and the echo seemed to approach. The fourth, it grew nearer and nearer. At this crisis, most of the Canadians ceased singing, and gazed wildly into the woods, over which the fires of the encampment shed a flickering and uncertain light, that helped to raise to their view unreal objects. Selkirk sung the next verse himself. The chorus was repeated again, and as the encampment was hushed in breathless silence, the single voice, breaking in upon the stillness of the night, seemed to proceed from some unearthly source. The iron nerves of most of the Canadians evidently shook with fear. And yet Lord Selkirk ceased singing, and laid his hand instinctively upon his gun. The invisible singer, after waiting some time for another verse, commenced alone, and added his own chorus, and in so loud a voice, that, to the superstitious fears of the Canadians, it seemed as if the very earth trembled at the sound. As the singer finished the last clause of the chorus, he stepped within the opening, so that the light shone brightly upon his face, which, aided by the shadows of the trees, appeared as unearthly as the voice had sounded in the distance. Selkirk, conquering his momentary fear, stepped out of his tent to meet the person who had thus mysteriously made his appearance. After approaching within speaking distance, he inquired who and what he was that had thus intruded upon their encampment. The stranger rejoined, "I am a man disgusted with society, and tired of the hypocrisy of a selfish world, and I would ask the privilege to join your company, and travel far from the haunts of civilized men. I crave your pardon if I have dis-

turbed or taken untimely liberties in joining in the chorus of your song. But, sir, the words accorded so truly with my feelings, that I could not resist it.

"Let us flee from the city, to the woods let us go,  
And ne'er think of our troubles as we row, row, row."

Yes, sir, I would flee from the city, and could I forget my troubles, most cheerfully would I row. When the stranger ceased speaking, Selkirk motioned him to enter his tent, where their conversation was again resumed, which resulted in an arrangement for Graveat, (whom I trust the reader has recognized in the stranger,) to accompany the traders in the character of a clerk.

During the existence of this scene, the Canadians, whose fears but a few moments before had chained them in silence, had again commenced their boisterous mirth, persisting to a man that they had not been in the least terrified. With the dawn, the lading was replaced in the canoes, and the party proceeded on their journey, the most of them wearing countenances bright with prospect of change and adventure; and before the close of the day, the gloom wore off from Graveat, and he began to participate with the rest of the party in their sports and amusements. They passed pleasantly up the Ottawa and into the lake of the Two Mountains, on the shore of which stood many an Indian village, whose inhabitants would assemble on the beach, and with loud huzzas, cheer the voyagers on their journey. The cheering would generally elicit a song from the canoe men, that would give an impulse to their paddles, and force their canoes to the top of their speed. Thus passed the fleet along, no particular incident worthy of note transpiring, until they had left the Ottawa, crossed over land into lake Nipissing, and descended nearly the whole distance of that picturesque lake. At the foot of the lake, and upon the numerous rivers that empty into it from the north, resided several bands of Indians, who had been advised of the expected arrival of Selkirk's party of traders, and had assembled at a village where they thought them most likely to stop, for the purpose of exchanging their furs and skins for such European articles as they might fancy or stand in need of.

There were also at the village an old Indian and his daughter, who had formerly been residents of the place, but had fled from it some ten years previous, to save the life of a member of their family, who afterwards became the terror of many an infant settlement in the territory of Michigan. Kishicawco, (the old man's son,) had, in a drunken frolic, stabbed the son of an influential chief, and nothing but his life would have satisfied the tribe, had he not secretly with his father and family, emigrated to the opposite side of the lake. They took up their abode amongst a hospitable and friendly tribe of Chippewas that resided near the mouth of the river Anishnabe. The old man had long pined for the land of his fathers, but had never dared to return, lest the judgment passed upon his son would be inflicted upon him. But after the death of Kishicawco, (which took place in the jail at Detroit as many a citizen of that place will remember) he started with his daughter eager to make an arrangement for his amicable return to his tribe. But at the time of the arrival of the traders, he had received no answer from the chiefs, and he began to be fearful that they meditated revenging the crime of his son, by taking his life or that of his daughter, and, according to the Indian usages, they were both liable to be massacred for their assisting the criminal to evade the punishment he merited. But Tortorsha (the name of the old Indian) had hoped that ten years would have dampened the ardor of the revengeful dispositions sufficient to have allowed him to return to the tribe and spend the remainder of his days at his native village. When the fleet of canoes came within sight of the village, hundreds of Indians were upon the beach, anxiously waiting their landing for a taste of the fire water, and as Lord Selkirk's canoe reached the shore, a deafening shout of welcome greeted him from the children of the forest. The rum kegs were next introduced by way of inviting them to trade and in a few hours after, Lord Selkirk had succeeded in purchasing many a rich pack of furs for a mere trifle. But in order to do so, he was forced to tell many a falsehood to smooth the channel of his nefarious traffic. He endeavored to make them believe that he was sent by the king called their great father, to supply their wants, and that the fire water of which they were partaking was a present from the Manito. Although Graveat had seen the mode of Indian trade in Montreal, and seen them cheated of their rich and valuable furs for a mere song, yet he had never seen such means resorted to, as was made use of, by Selkirk and his men. It disgusted him beyond endurance, and he determined to quit the company he had joined and die in the woods, rather than not avoid participating in such an unhallowed traffic.

As the assembled Indians began to drink deeper and deeper of the rum, it elicited many a prayer of thanks to the Manito for the inspiring waters, and many a speech was directed to Selkirk, as the representative of the king their father in sending them supplies of powder and lead, and the hatchets and knives which they would soon be in a mood for using. In a short time a shout from the drinkers gave note of a quarrel; and in a few minutes after, the death of a warrior was proclaimed from the centre of a crowd. Many a fierce war whoop now filled the air, all was uproar and confusion, women and children were shrieking in terror, knives were drawn from their scabbards and tomahawks gleamed in the air as they were lifted high to strike a blow of revenge. At this crisis, Selkirk fearing the consequences that might ensue from the excitement, gave the signal for embarking, and so fearful was he of being pursued that every man was ordered to ply his paddle with the utmost strength, and before

they discovered that one of their party was left behind, they had passed over many a long mile on their route to the Sault de Ste Marie.

Some eighty rods from the scene of the drinkers in a thick cluster of elms that grew near the bank of the river that connects lake Wipising with the Huron, there might have been seen sitting under a covering shade of of rushes ingeniously wove together with the bark of a tree, as beautiful an Indian girl as the mind can conceive. She was engaged in ornamenting a mocassin with the quills of the porcupine, when Graveat buried in thoughts of bygone days, happened in his stroll to approach her unperceived. He fearful of frightening her was about to retrace his steps, when he heard a cracking in the bushes, which denoted the approach of some person in the direction of the village. He stepped behind an oak that hid him from the view of the person approaching, as well as the Indian girl, and at the same time was in a situation to hear the words and watch the motions of them both. As the person advanced, the Indian girl arose to meet him with a smile. She stated to him how happy she was at his return, for in the whooping of the drinkers, she had fancied they were howling his death dirge. After a short pause the old man answered, "My child," (for it was Tortorsha and his daughter,) "your fears are not altogether groundless, for the fire water of the long knives has raised the bad spirit in the Indians, and they have already commenced butchering one another." He then described to his daughter the scene he had witnessed which made her tremble with fear. The old man proceeded to launch his canoe and was placing his lading on board of it as if in preparation to embark. But ere he had half his baggage in his canoe a fierce warwhoop from some approaching Indians warned him of the necessity of standing in readiness to meet a mortal enemy. As the Indians approached Graveat stepped forward in hope his presence might put a stop to their deadly purpose. But instead of heeding the white man they rushed madly upon Tortorsha and his daughter and being only two in number each had selected his intended victim, and both father and daughter were to die to satisfy their revenge for the person killed ten years previous by Kishewawco. But the one who had intended to have sheathed his knife in the breast of Tortorsha, was met by a blow with the head of the old man's tomahawk that dropped him senseless at his feet, and the bloody minded demon who intended to have spilt the blood of the innocent Indian girl was baffled by Graveat, who caught him by the hair at the very crisis of the blow, and by a sudden jerk he brought the knife a few inches short its mark. A desperate struggle then ensued, the Indian seeing the fate of his companion fought like an enraged tiger, but Graveat had grappled him by the throat with one hand while with the other he protected himself from the deadly thrust of the Indian's knife.

The struggle was, however, of short duration; the hoarse breathing of the Indian gave note of his exhausted state and the knife soon dropped from his hand. Graveat at this crisis looked about for the first time for the persons in whose defence he had been struggling. Father and daughter were both seated in the canoe and on the point of leaving their preserver to his fate, which might have been considered as sealed, for the Indians were both beginning to revive. Tortorsha and his daughter looked back at the white man as if aware of his danger, for already had the canoe left the shore. The Indian girl was first to speak. "Father," said she, "the white man saved your daughter's life, we must not leave him." A powerful sweep of the old man's paddle brought the bow of the canoe against the shore in time for Graveat to jump aboard and evade the knives of his pursuers, who were now both recovered and within a very few feet of him, but his springing into the canoe gave it a wide sweep into the river and left their enemies upon the shore filling the woods with their terrific yells. Their paddles were now passed vigorously and before their enemies could return to the village for canoes, the fugitive party had some miles the start in case of a pursuit. They reached the shore of lake Huron before it had become so dark but what they could distinguish objects some distance up the river they had been descending, but as yet no pursuers were visible. The old Indian after emerging into the open lake cast his eye over its smooth surface with a long and scrutinizing look; his eye rested for some time upon a few scattered clouds that appeared to be gathering in the mist; then shaking his head significantly and muttering a few unintelligible words to himself, he dropped his paddle into the water and stopped the canoe as if fearful of trouble from the elements. Up to the time of their emerging into the open lake but little conversation had passed between Graveat and his fellow passengers; each had seemed to be absorbed in his own respective thoughts, and as their only safety depended upon a speedy flight which could not have been effected by any other route than the one they had come, but little was necessary to their mutual understanding. But when the old Indian, after viewing the appearance of the lake and the clouds above it, gave his significant shake of the head, Graveat broke the silence by inquiring if their course lay across the lake. The Indian answered in the affirmative but pointing at the clouds continued; "Tortorsha and his child would as soon die by the knives of their enemies as in the waves, and if the white man wishes to join his companions, three days march will take him to the Sault de Ste Marie where he will overtake them. Graveat then for the first time told the old Indian that he purposely quit the company of traders and did not intend again to join them. Tortorsha in appearance somewhat surprised, made no other answer than by dropping his paddle into the water and urging forward his canoe, and as he held the office of directing its course his intentions were sufficiently indicated by the course he took. The three now plied their paddles and in a very few minutes they had reached a point of land where they might command an entire view of the mouth of the river and be themselves concealed.

The canoe was hauled upon the beach fearful that the expected storm would raise the water and float it off or dash it against the rocks. By this time the night had become fearfully dark and the experienced eye of Tortorsha had not deceived him in judging of what he had to expect from the clouds discovered previous to their landing. They had assumed a darker and more awful aspect and the rolling of the heavy swells against the rocks

upon the beach was a fearful token of coming wind. As the darkness of the night precluded the possibility of their being discovered until the morning dawn, the father and daughter, casting off the gravity which their recent danger had caused, commenced a conversation in the soft and playful tones that render the language of the Chippawas so musical. The Indian girl was eloquent in her expressions of gratitude for the timely aid of the white man, who, she said, had saved her at the very moment the knife was touching her devoted bosom.

The old man now turned to Graveat, and inquired whence he came at the precise time to render them such signal aid. "For," continued he, "when first I saw you, you were struggling on the earth with the blood-thirsty savage."

Graveat then described his feelings, occasioned by the mode in which the traders conducted their traffic, and his determination to quit them, which had led him to the spot at the time. He also stated to them, as nearly as he could, his reasons for leaving the city and his determination to live aloof from all society, whose only object seemed to be plodding for gain. The old Indian listened attentively to Graveat as long as he continued speaking, but when he had finished he reached out his hand and grasping that of the white man, "my friend," said he, "I am also disgusted with my tribe; for ten long years have I been an alien from the land of my fathers, and now when I return you see my reception; I left it because a son made mad by the poisonous fire water of the white man had killed the son of the chief. The tribe sought his life, which it is true was forfeited, but my son was dear to me, I disliked to see his manly form hacked and mangled by the knives and tomahawks of those who had ever been his friends. But better would it have been for him, for he has since died in the white man's cage without the aid of any of his kindred to direct him on his road to the happy hunting ground. The white man sold him fire water then locked him up because it made him mad." As the old man finished speaking a tear was glistening in his eye and he abruptly announced his desire to sleep by wrapping his head in his blanket and stretching his form upon the naked earth. His daughter after wrapping the blanket carefully about his feet to protect them from the cold, sought a pillow beside him and both were soon slumbering unconscious of the morning's danger. Graveat for a while listened to the howling of the wind, revolving in his mind the contrast that had taken place in his situation within the last three weeks but being somewhat fatigued, soon imitated the example of the Indian and his daughter and before the night was turned, was sleeping as heavily as they.

The clouds had passed over and the heavens were still studded with stars when Tortorsha awoke and crept carefully to the top of the eminence, to reconnoitre the mouth of the river. A smoke was to be seen and not far from it lay two canoes moored closely in the mouth of the river. He crept carefully back and awoke Graveat and the girl and warned them of the proximity of their enemies. When Graveat inquired what was to be done, the old man answered that the knives were sleeping off the fumes of the fire water, and the most wary of them had not yet got their eyes out of their mists or we should ere this have heard their whoop. The canoe was launched and they had got some rods from the shore. "Together with a long stroke and we leave them," said Tortorsha. The well known crack of a rifle whose ball came skipping along the ruffled surface of the lake and a shrill yell from their enemies interrupted his speech, and announced that their passage was discovered. In another instant several savages were seen rushing into their canoes which were soon dancing over the waves in swift pursuit. These fearful precursors of a coming struggle produced no change in the countenances of Tortorsha and his daughter, so far as Graveat could discover except the strokes of their paddles were longer and more in unison, and caused their light bark to spring forward like a creature possessing life. The wind in the night had hauled round and was now blowing gently off land, which circumstance however, was as much in favor of one party as the other, and as the pursuers were the strongest manned, they were evidently gaining ground. But they were not as yet sufficiently near for the fugitives to stand in any danger from their guns. Graveat aware that their exertions were too severe to continue long began to look somewhat uneasy, when Tortorsha casting his eye over his shoulder exclaimed: "The knives are gaining upon us, but the wind is freshening, and if they have come unprepared we will leave them still. Your sail child, your sail," said he to his daughter. The girl now laid down her paddle and hoisted a slender mast, which was laying in the bottom of the canoe and unfurled an ample sail, which filled with wind and hurried their light vessel so rapidly through the water that the lake curled in their front in miniature waves, and their motion became undulating by its own velocity. Tortorsha placed his paddle in the water beside the canoe in such a manner as to enable him to guide its course with the least exertion and turned again to look for their pursuers. "Ha," said he, "the fools are baffled again," they have laid down their paddles. A volley from their guns interrupted him and the harmless lead fell into the water some twenty feet behind them. He then for the first time sent them back the war whoop of his fathers, which insult they answered with terrific yells and headed their canoes back to the shore.

Our little party was now left to continue their journey across the lake unmolested. The wind continued to freshen but still was fair, their little bark bounded over the waves, sometimes tossed fearfully high upon their crest, but managed by the skillful and experienced hand of Tortorsha carried them in perfect safety. Before night the point of land known to the mariners of the upper lakes as the highland of Ansauble, was distinctly to be seen. And when the old man pointed it out to his daughter, she exclaimed with a joyful smile: "Oh father we shall yet return once more to our own dear home;" and as she spoke, she cast a bashful look at Graveat as if to acknowledge that it was through his means, that she at last was permitted to return. As they approached the shore the waves were dashing fearfully against the rocks, and to the inexperienced Graveat, it seemed impossible to land without dashing their canoe into a thousand atoms. But the undaunted Indian allowed the canoe to continue its course directly towards the shore, with the swiftness of an arrow, and

before the white man had time to make known his fears, it shot into the mouth of a river where the smoothness of the unruffled waters formed a striking contrast to that over which they had been toasting. They were now within a short distance of the village, and they had not proceeded far before the barking of dogs was heard over the roaring of the surf. Ha! exclaimed the Indian girl, "our dogs! we are almost home." And as the canoe shot round a point, the bark covered camps were plainly to be seen. Women and children, were flitting about from camp to camp spreading the news of an approaching canoe. By the time they landed a crowd had gathered on the bank above, all eager to see who had arrived. When the voice of Tortorsha was heard his wife and some three or four children, came running down to the bank to meet their returned friends. But the children on discovering the white man, turned back, in fear, shouting, "a long knife! a long knife!" which caused the crowd to disperse to their lodges much to the amazement of Tortorsha and his daughter.

The old man led the way to his camp, followed by Graveat and the girl, while the unlading of the canoe fell upon the older female. They entered one of the bark camps that was situated a few rods from the bank of the river, and overshadowed by the branches of some sturdy oaks. A light fire was burning in its center that in the dusk of evening gave it a cheerful and comfortable appearance. The old man seated himself upon one of the numerous skins that the ground appeared carpeted with, and motioning Graveat to imitate his example, he filled a pipe and presented it to him requesting him to smoke. Then drawing the tomahawk from his girdle and filling the bowl upon its head, commenced inhaling the vapors of the weed himself. After they had finished smoking, the old man laid aside his pipe and arose to speak. "My friend!" said he; "you have smoked a pipe of peace in the wigwam of Tortorsha. You are welcome. You say you do not wish to return to the land of your tribe! so be it, there is plenty of game in the woods, and plenty of fish in the rivers, if the white man will live in the camp of a Chippewa he is welcome. Graveat expressed his thanks, and readily accepted the offer. On the entry of the old woman, Tortorsha inquired for the hunters who he was told had been three days absent on the trail of the elk. "Tis well," said he, "the hunters will not return without game. Our chief will make a feast at which you shall be adopted a member of the tribe. The women were now running about from lodge to lodge, some engaged in preparing a meal for the expected hunters, while a few were earnestly bent on seeking the comforts necessary to their habits, but more paused to exchange hasty and whispered remarks with which the arrival of the white man was closely connected. The children were gathered in groups not far from the camp of Tortorsha where they appeared to muse, more than they conversed, but the frequency with which the eyes turned upon the lodge, plainly indicated that it contained the object of their common thoughts.

During the existence of this scene the imitated hoot of an owl was distinctly heard in the adjacent woods, which caused an instantaneous change in the appearance of the groups of children, who separated and ran from camp to camp proclaiming the return of the hunters, and of success which was understood from the number of times the hooting was repeated. An Indian was soon seen emerging from the forest bearing sundry trophies of a successful hunt. He approached a group of females who were gathered round a camp near the center of the village and handing one of them his gun and hatchet, he said, "my young men have found the elk. They stagger under their loads. Let the squaws go upon the hunting path and meet them." Some six or eight of the women started at the word to relieve the hunters of their loads who soon after entered the village each man bearing the skins of such animals as had fallen by their hand. In the course of the evening, after the hunters had finished their supper they assembled (as was their custom after a successful expedition,) at the council lodge to recount the particulars of the hunt. Graveat and Tortorsha were invited to listen to their exploits, and on entering the lodge some fifteen or twenty hunters were seated round the fire silently smoking their pipes. Ten minutes might have passed in this manner, and they were fairly enveloped in a cloud of white smoke, before either of them uttered a word. Presently each pipe dropped from the lips of its owner all had inhaled an impurity at the same instant. The smoke wreathed above their heads in spiral forms and ascended swiftly through the opening in the roof of the lodge leaving the place beneath clear of its fumes. All eyes were now turned upon the chief who arose and in the peculiar and emphatic manner of an Indian hunter related the tale of his exploits minutely, describing every circumstance connected with it. The person sitting beside him next arose, whose tale was told in a similar manner and varied from the first only in the different positions in which he had found his game and continued to ensnare it. In this manner each hunter related his feats until they had all been heard; after which Tortorsha was called upon for the particulars of his expedition to the land of his tribe. For more than a minute the eyes of the old man were riveted on the ground but trusting them at length to steal a glance aside, he perceived that he was becoming an object of general attention. Then he arose and lifted his voice amidst the general silence. It was he! He said, "I did not belong to the tribe. Those that I called my kindred are forgotten. The great Spirit has said that Tortorsha shall die with his friends and not with his enemies. 'Tis true that the bones of my fathers are buried across the lake, but they will follow the trail of the one whom their degenerated sons have chased to a foreign land." He then related the events already known to the reader and after describing the heroism and generous courage of Graveat intimated his wish to become a member of the tribe. No answer was made to the proposition, but the countenances of the hunters evidently manifested their pleasure at the prospect of the acquisition to their tribe.

The council then broke up, and each individual walked from the lodge with the noiseless steps of an Indian, to seek that rest necessary to their comfort after a weary hunt. Early on the following morning the females were engaged in making preparations for the feast. Meats of different kinds were prepared for being cooked in various ways; large kettles were carried about from lodge to lodge; and the ponderous wooden bowls

were put in readiness to receive the smoking viands. It was near the close of the day before every thing was arranged for the commencement of the ceremonies. Every individual of the tribe was bedecked in their finest costume and gathered around the place selected for the festival, which was a smooth green in the open air. It had been picketed round, and formed a kind of yard. In the centre was erected a platform, on which were placed the dishes containing the luxuries.

All were now anxiously waiting the appearance of the chief, who was to officiate as master of ceremonies. They were not however kept long in suspense the chief followed by Graveat and Tortorsha, was seen approaching; a suppressed murmur of applause ran through the multitude, but when they stepped into the center of the ring all was hushed in breathless silence. The three seated themselves upon a skin that had been provided for their accommodation, and after a short and impressive pause the chief lighted a pipe that was curiously carved from one of the soft stones of the country, and commenced inhaling the smoke through a wooden handle. When he had inhaled enough of the fragrance of the soothing weed, he passed the instrument into the hands of Tortorsha. In this manner the pipe had made its round three several times amid the most profound silence, before either of the party opened their lips to speak. Then the chief in a few calm and dignified words stated the double purpose of the festival. "Our young men," said he, "have returned from a successful hunt; the great Spirit has given them an abundance of game! We are thankful. The smoke of our burnt-offering will ascend to the skies. Our friend Tortorsha has come back amongst us. 'Tis well. The bad Manitto has turned the hearts of his fathers' relations, and he no longer wishes to leave us. The white man by our side fought for him. He saved his daughter's life! He is a brave! He desires a better name than that of a long knife. He forgets the pale faces, and is a Chippawa! I have done."

The soup was then served round in wooden dishes to each individual, until they had all partaken sumptuously, after which musical instruments were introduced, and they commenced the dance.

From that time Graveat became a member of the tribe, and before the expiration of the winter, his exploits in the chase had entitled him to a wife; and suffice it to say, he married the youthful daughter of Tortorsha, with whom he still lives—much to the annoyance of the fur traders, who are not able to cheat the tribe of their rich furs so easily as they had done previous to his arrival. He is at the present day an Indian in manners and habits; and a person who knew him in the days of his prosperity, in the city of Montreal, would wonder at the contrast.

### DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

**TIMOTHY FLINT.**—In an interesting and well-written notice of "The Bachelor Reclaimed, or Celibacy Vanquished," the editor of the N. Y. Commercial pays the following just tribute to this gentleman's literary character:

The literary character of Mr. Flint has now become established. He ranks as the foremost, and certainly one of the most excellent writers this country has produced. He is the veteran representative, and almost the only member of an illustrious and honorable class, numerous in Europe—but as yet scarcely known in this mercantile country. In England they are called *authors*; in France they are more appropriately denominated *Litteraires*. It consists of scholars who make letters their profession, and who devote themselves exclusively to their cultivation—and without such a class, the literature of no country can ever become prosperous or respectable. The numerous works of Mr. Flint are characterized by a style marked and peculiar—and, with faults of their own, have merits of high and rare excellence. His novels have also a simplicity of design and a unity of execution very far different from the abortions of a feeble writer—and are, moreover, enriched by the deductions of a mind so sagacious and acute by learning, at once so copious, and so well applied, and by a vein of such beautiful morality, combined with fine natural feelings, that, with whatever may be their faults of execution, they can never fail when perused in the proper spirit to interest and please—added to all this, there is an extrinsic excellence in Flint's writings to be found in his charming power of description. Nature, and Nature's children, and natural emotions, are portrayed in his novels with the vivid freshness of an early and unadulterated worshipper.

What can be more magnificent than his descriptions of South American scenery? We stand upon the eternal Andes—we see the interminable prospect—we feel the delicious breezes play upon our brow—we become elevated and enchanted with the thousand objects of wonder and delight belonging to the clime which he congregates around us, and we forget and disregard the minor faults of tautology and carelessness for the Crusoe-like simplicity and truth with which images and thoughts replete with beauty are brought before us. But his works are not merely to amuse. More than any other eminent writer of his country he has labored to instruct, to inform, and to impart knowledge where knowledge was required, and difficult of attainment. His Geography of the Mississippi Valley, and his Ten Years Residence, are the most valuable works which research and industry have contributed towards the elucidation of the vast interior of this country, and from the genius and taste, as well as knowledge which they display, will go far to form the opinions of future time, as to that impense and beautiful section of the continent. Flint is almost as versatile an author as Goldsmith. He has distinguished himself as a novelist—as a naturalist—as a geologist—as a geographer—his

translation or rather paraphrase of "Dros'art sur d'etre heureux," is replete with the finest excellencies of an essayist—while his ethical productions show a mind strong and cultivated, a judgment unwarped and sound, and a sense of religion of the most purifying influence. We have deemed these remarks necessary, because he hardly occupies that conspicuous place in the public estimation of his countrymen, which his eminent merits as an author entitle him to fill.

**VARIETY OF HABITS IN SPIDERS.**—The habits of spiders vary greatly. Some rest in the centre of their webs, the outstretched cordage of which warns them of the temporary entanglement of their prey, on which they instantly rush and devour, after the infliction of a mortal wound. Others seek the protection of a leaf or other natural harbors, and only appear in the more open parts of their premises when lured by an expected capture. Many spin comfortable tunnels, or horizontal watchtowers, as they may be called, in which they rest till the vibration of their nets calls them into active service. An extensive tribe of erratic species (the *Vagabunde*) spin no webs at all, but trust to strength, activity and cunning, for their daily, or, it may be, monthly fare; for spiders, though voracious in times of abundance, are capable of frequent and long continued abstinence. The webless species are often endowed with the faculty of leaping, and after insidiously approaching their prey by the most wary and almost imperceptible footsteps, they spring upon it at once, and inflict the fatal wound. Several kinds hunt down their insect food by speed of foot; and few are nocturnal, and surprise their defenceless and unsuspecting victims during the darkness of the night.

**NOTHING DESTROYED.**—The researches of chemists have shown, that what the vulgar call corruption, destruction, &c. is nothing but a change of arrangement of the same ingredient elements, the disposition of the same materials into other forms, without the loss or actual destruction of a single atom; and thus any doubts of the permanence of natural laws are discountenanced, and the whole weight of appearances thrown into the opposite scale. One of the most obvious cases of apparent destruction is, when any thing is ground to dust, and scattered to the winds. But it is one thing to grind a fabric to powder, and another to annihilate its materials; scattered as they may be, they must fall somewhere, and continue as only ingredients of the soil, to perform their humble but useful part in the economy of nature. The destruction produced by fire, is more striking; in many cases, as in the burning of a piece of charcoal or a taper, there is no smoke, nothing visibly dissipated or carried away; the burning body wastes and disappears, while nothing seems to be produced but warmth and light, which we are not in the habit of considering as substances, and when all has disappeared, except, perhaps some trifling ashes, we naturally enough suppose it is gone, lost, destroyed. But when the question is examined more exactly, we detect in the invisible stream of heated air, which ascends from the glowing coal or flaming wax, the whole ponderable matter, only united in a new combination with the air, and dissolved in it. Yet so far from being thereby destroyed, it is only become again what it was before it existed in the form of charcoal or wax, an active agent in the business of the world, and a main support of vegetable and animal life, and is still susceptible of running again and again the same round, as circumstances may determine; so that, for aught we can see to the contrary, the same identical atom may lay concealed for thousands of centuries in a lime stone rock; may at length be quarried, set free in the lime kiln, mix with the air, be absorbed from it by plants, and in succession become a part of the frames of myriads of living beings, till some occurrence of events consign it once more to a long repose, which however, no way unfits it from again resuming its former activity.

**THE FATAL ESCAPE.**—We have seldom had to record a case of more melancholy, and indeed romantic, domestic affliction, than one which has lately occurred in the Isle of Man. A Miss Fell, a beautiful young lady, resident on that island, walked out to amuse herself on the cliffs near Douglas Head, from one of which she fell, and was precipitated upon a shelving rock at a considerable distance below. She was much bruised by the fall; the sea almost surrounded her, and the part on which it was bounded by the land was so precipitous, that escape was impossible. Here she remained for thirteen days and nights. Her voice became exhausted by her repeated attempts to render herself audible. A small well of spring water, which she fortunately found upon the cliff, afforded her only nourishment. On the fourteenth day however, the waving of her handkerchief attracted the notice of a boatman; who rowed towards her, and found her almost insensible, on her knees, her hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, and her voice scarcely strong enough to disclose her residence. She was carried home, where she found her wretched mother, worn out by her brother's illness and her own absence, and was only just in time to receive her dying breath. The wretched young lady, agonized and exhausted, terminated her own existence in a fit of insanity. [London Paper.]

**MUNIFICENT AND VALUABLE PRESENT.**—Eight splendidly printed folio volumes were received by the state librarian as a present from the British government. Upon the back of the title of each volume the following is printed: "This book is to be perpetually preserved in the New York library." The volumes are estimated to be worth \$1,000. A similar donation, it is said, has been presented to every public library of any importance in the United States.

**UNIVERSITY COMMENCEMENT.**—Yesterday, says the N. Y. Commercial, was held at the Middle Dutch Church, the second annual commencement of the New York university. The procession was formed agreeably to the order in the advertisements already published, and notwithstanding the sive heat, the church was filled—and after a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Matthews, chancellor, the literary exercises proceeded in the following order, interspersed with music between each part:—

1. "Quo didicisse, Nisi rupto jecore exierit caprificus?"—*Persius*. Ebenezer Wiggins, New-York.
2. Sympathetic emotion of Virtue. R. R. Crosby, New-York.
3. Influence of Fictitious Writings. Matthew V. B. Fowler, Newburgh.
4. Natural evil not inconsistent with Divine benevolence. William R. Gordon, New-York.
5. Decision of character. Washington Judah, New-York.
6. Discovery of Truth. Samuel Kellogg, New-York.
7. The harmony of intellectual and moral cultivation. A. B. Lambert, South Reading, Mass.
8. Popular Education the best safeguard for free institutions. Wm. McMurray, Jr. New-York.
9. Females of the American Revolution. Cornelius Matthews, New-York.

The degree of Bachelor of arts was then conferred on the several candidates who had taken parts in the exercises, as above noted.

We are gratified at being able to add, that the members of the graduating class acquitted themselves exceedingly well. Their address were all written, displaying much mental power, and their elocution creditable, alike to themselves and their instructors. The ceremony of conferring the degrees was performed by the Chancellor in a dignified and imposing manner; and the address of that officer on the interesting occasion was alike appropriate and eloquent. Some of our friends request us to suggest the propriety of its publication. On the whole the celebration was uncommonly well conducted, and gave great satisfaction to a large and very attentive auditory.

### FROM LATE FOREIGN JOURNALS.

The ex-bishop of Cracow, Skorkowski, has been summoned to Rome to give an account of his conduct during and after the Polish revolution.

A new party of 300 emigrants from Rhemish Bavaria, carrying with them about 150,000*l.* lately passed through Forbach on their way to some seaport, where they intend to embark for America, as so many have done before them.

The prohibition of the importation of cotton twist, lace, iron cable, Russian hydes, rum, &c. into France is removed; likewise the export of raw silk and skins has been suppressed by an ordinance. The duty on British tonnage has been reduced from 3*fr*75 cents, to 1*fr*.

The Emperor of Russia was about to visit the Crimea. This had created a talk in the diplomatic circle.

A decree had been issued by the queen of Spain, granting permission to return to all Spaniards, including Mina and Vigo.

A lay commission to inquire into the state of the church property in Ireland, and into the number of the catholics and protestants, has been issued. It is under the royal seal, and directed to the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Melbourne, and other competent barristers.

On the payment of 18,000,000 piastres, due from Greece to the Porte, the Reis Effendi presented to Mr. Rothschild, in the name of the Sultan, a magnificent snuff-box, set with brilliants, estimated at from 20,000 to 24,000 piastres.

The Marquis of Lansdowne officially announced in the House of Lords that Don Miguel was on board a British ship of war. Don Miguel is to have sixty contos of reis, between 16,000*l.* and 17,000*l.* a year. He binds himself not to interfere in the affairs of Portugal, and not to return to the Peninsula.

The Spanish government were about negotiating a loan of 200,000,000 reals at Paris.

The agricultural reports from different parts of France are extremely favorable. The rains which succeeded the drought in the early part of the spring have made a very great improvement, and the vineyards and corn lands both promise an abundant harvest.

The Florence Gazette of the 24th ult. has letters from Tripoli, which announce that disorder and civil war still prevail in that Regency. The number of the insurgents is very great, and imposing forces will be required to subdue them. This result, however, is not despaired of.

A letter of the 1st inst. from Nevers announces that, a few days previously, a violent conflict took place at Magny, between about 200 young men of several adjacent communes. One of them had his chest pierced with a sharp-pointed stake, and is in the greatest danger. Two gendarmes, who endeavored to restore order, were severely beaten or ill-treated.

## CHOICE EXTRACTS.

## WESTERN SCENERY.

The traveller who visits our Valley for the first time, advancing from the east to the Ohio river, and thence proceeding westward, is struck with the magnificence of the vegetation which clothes the whole surface. The vast extent and gloomy grandeur of the forest, the gigantic size and venerable antiquity of the trees, the rankness of the weeds, the luxuriance and variety of the under brush, the long vines that climb to the tops of the tallest branches, the parasites that hang in clusters from the boughs, the brilliancy of the foliage, and the exuberance of the fruit, all show a land teeming with vegetable life. The forest is seen in its majesty; the pomp and pride of the wilderness is here. Here is nature unspoiled, and silence undisturbed. A few years ago, this impression was more striking than at present; for now, farms, villages, and even a few large towns, are scattered over this region, diversifying its landscapes, and breaking in upon the characteristic wildness of its scenery. Still there are wide tracts remaining in the state of nature, and displaying all the savage luxuriance which first attracted the pioneer; and upon a general survey, its features present at this day, to one accustomed only to thickly peopled countries, the same freshness of beauty, and the same immensity, though rudeness of outline, which we have accustomed to associate with the landscape of the West.

I know of nothing more splendid than a western forest. There is a grandeur in the immense size of the great trees—a richness in the coloring of the foliage, superior to any thing that is known in corresponding latitudes—a wildness and an unbroken stillness that attest the absence of man—above all, there is a vastness, a boundless extent, an uninterrupted continuity of shade, which prevents the attention from being distracted, and allows the mind to fill itself, and the imagination to realize the actual presence, and true character, of that which had burst upon it like a vivid dream.

But when the traveller forsakes the valley of the Ohio, and advancing westward, ascends to the level of that great plain, which constitutes the general surface of this region, he finds himself in an open champagne country; in a wilderness of meadows clad in grass, and destitute of trees. The transition is as sudden as it is complete. Behind him are the most gigantic productions of the forest, before him are the lowly, the verdant, the delicate, inhabitants of the lawn; behind him are gloom and chill, before him are sunlight and graceful beauty. He has passed the rocky cliff, where the den of the rattlesnake is concealed, the marches that send up fetid steams of desolating miasma, and the canebrake where the bear and the panther lurk; and has reached the pasture where the deer is feeding, and the prairie flower displays its diversified hues. He has seen the wilderness in all its savage pomp and gloomy grandeur, arrayed in the terrors of barbarian state; but now beholds it in its festal garb, reposing in peace, and surrounded by light, gayety, and beauty.

This distinction is not imaginary; no one can pass from one part of this region to another, without observing the natural antithesis of which we are speaking; and that mind would be defective in its perceptions of the sublime and beautiful, which did not feel, as well as see, the effect of this contrast. There is in the appearance of one of our primitive forests, a gloomy wildness, that throws a cast of solemnity over the feelings; a something in the wide spread solitude, which suggests to the traveller that he is far from the habitations of man—alone, in the companionship of his own thoughts, and the presence of his God. But the prairie landscape awakens a different train of thought. Here light predominates instead of shade, and a variety of hue instead of a wearisome exuberance and monotony of verdure; while the extent of the landscape allows the eye to roam abroad, and the imagination to expand, over an endless diversity of agreeable objects.

The same remarkable contrast is equally striking in the contour of the surface—in the difference between the broken and the level districts. If the traveler looks down from the western pinnacles of the Allegheny, he beholds a region beautifully diversified with hill and dale, and intersected with rapid streams. In western Pennsylvania, Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, he finds every variety of scenic beauty—the hill, the plain and the valley, the rocky cliff, the secluded dell, the clear fountain, and the rivulet dashing headlong over its bed of rock. The rivers have each their characteristic scenery. The Monongahela winding through a mountainous country, overhung with precipices, and shaded by heavy forests, with a current sufficiently gentle to be easily navigable to steamboats, has its peculiar features, which are instantly lost when the traveller has passed on to the bosom of the Ohio. The winding course, and picturesque scenery of the Ohio, between Pittsburgh and Wheeling, impress the beholder as strikingly wild and beautiful; below the latter place, the features of the landscape become softened, the hills recede farther from the river, are less lofty, and more rounded; and again, after passing Louisville, these elevations are seen less frequently, and gradually melt away, until the river becomes margined by low shores, and one continuous line of unbroken forest. But if we leave the gentle current of the Ohio, and ascend the Kentucky or the Cumberland, we again find rapid streams, overhung with precipices, and a country abounding in the diversities of a wild and picturesque scenery. Here may be seen the rapid current foaming and eddying over beds of rock, and the tall peaks towering above in solitary grandeur. Here the curious traveller may penetrate the gloom of the cavern, may clamber over precipices, or refresh himself from the crystal fountain bursting from the bosom of the rock. But he will find every hill clad with timber, every valley teeming with vegetation; even the crevices of the lime stone parapets giving sustenance to trees and bushes.

The scenery presented on the western shore of the Ohio is altogether different. The mountain, the rock, the precipice, and the limpid torrent are seen no more; and the traveller, as he wanders successively over Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and the vast wilderness lying beyond, is astonished at the immensity of the plain, the regularity of its surface, and the richness, the verdure, the beauty, of its wide spread meadows.

It is perhaps not easy to account for the intense curiosity and

surprise, which have been universally excited by the existence of these plains: for they have been found in various parts of the world. The steppes of Asia, the pampas of South America, and the deserts of Africa, are alike destitute of timber. But they have existed from different causes; and while one has been found too arid and sterile to give birth to vegetation, and another snow clad and inhospitable, others exist in temperate climates and exhibit the most amazing fertility of soil. These facts show that there are various causes inimical to the growth of trees, and that the forest is not necessarily the spontaneous product of the earth, and its natural covering, wherever its surface is left uncultivated by the hand of man. The vegetable kingdom embraces an infinite variety of plants, 'from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that groweth on the wall;' and the plan of nature, in which there is no miscalculation, has provided that there shall be a necessary concatenation of circumstances—a proper adaptation of soil, climate, moisture—of natural and secondary causes, to produce and to protect each: just as she has assigned the wilderness to the Indian, the rich pasture to the grazing herd, and the Alps to the mountain goat.

I apprehend that the intense astonishment, with which the American pioneers first beheld a prairie, and which we all feel in gazing over these singularly beautiful plains, is the result of association. The adventurers who preceded us, from the champagne districts of France, have left no record of any such surprise; on the contrary, they discovered in these flowery meadows something, that reminded them of home; and their sprightly imaginations at once suggested, that nothing was wanting but the vineyard, the peasant's cottage, and the stately chateau, to render the resemblance complete. But our immediate ancestors came from lands covered with wood, and in their minds the idea of a wilderness was indissolubly connected with that of a forest. They had settled in the woods upon the shores of the Atlantic; and there their ideas of a new country had been formed. As they proceeded to the west, they found the shadows of the heavy foliage deepening upon their path, and the luxuriant forest becoming at every step more stately and intense, deepening the impression, that as they receded from civilization, the woodland must continue to accumulate the gloom of its savage and silent grandeur around them—until suddenly the glories of the prairie burst upon their enraptured gaze, with its widely extended landscape, its verdure, its flowers, its picturesque groves, and all its exquisite variety of mellow shade and sunny light.

Had our English ancestors, on the other hand, first settled upon the plains of Missouri and Illinois, and the tide of emigration was now setting towards the forests of Ohio and Kentucky, climbing the rocky barriers of the Allegheny ridge, and pouring itself down upon the wooded shores of the Atlantic, the question would not be asked, how the western plains became denuded of timber, but by what miracle of Providence, a vast region had been clothed, with so much regularity, with the most splendid and gigantic productions of nature, and preserved through whole centuries from the devastations of the frost and the fire, the hurricane and the flood. We have all remarked how simple and how rapid is the process of rearing the annual flower, or the more hardy varieties of grass, and with verdure; and we know equally well how difficult it is to rear an orchard or a grove, and how numerous are the accidents which assail a tree. An expanse of natural meadow is not therefore so much an object of curiosity, as a continuous forest; the former coming rapidly to perfection, with but few enemies to assail it, the latter advancing slowly to maturity, surrounded by dangers. Hence there is, to my mind, no scene so imposing, none which awakens sensations of such admiration and solemnity, as the forest standing in its aboriginal integrity, and bearing the indisputable marks of antiquity; where we stand upon a soil composed of the vegetable mould, which can only have been produced by the undisturbed accumulation of ages, and behold around us the healthful and gigantic trees, whose immense shafts have been increasing in size for centuries, and which have stood during that whole time exposed to the lightning, the wind, and the frost, and to the depredations of the insect and the brute.

The scenery of the prairie country excites a different feeling. The novelty is striking, and never fails to cause an exclamation of surprise. The extent of the prospect is exhilarating. The outline of the landscape is sloping, and graceful. The verdure and the flowers are beautiful; and the absence of shade, and consequent appearance of a profusion of light, produces a gayety which animates the beholder.

It is necessary to explain that these plains, although preserving a general level in respect to the whole country, are yet in themselves not flat, but exhibit a gracefully waving surface, swelling and sinking with an easy slope, and a full rounded outline, equally avoiding the unmeaning horizontal surface, and the interruption of abrupt or angular elevations. It is that surface which, in the expressive language of the country, is called *rolling*, and which has been said to resemble the long heavy swell of the ocean, when its waves are subsiding to rest after the agitation of a storm.

It is to be remarked also, that the prairie is almost always elevated in the center, so that in advancing into it from either side, you see before you only the plain, with its curved outline marked upon the sky, and forming the horizon, but on reaching the highest point, you look around upon the whole of the vast scene.

The attraction of the prairie consists in its carpet of verdure and flowers, its undulating surface, its groves, and the fringe of timber by which it is surrounded. Of all these, the latter is the most expressive feature—it is that which gives character to the landscape, which imparts the shape, and marks the boundary of the plain. If the prairie be small, its greatest beauty consists in the vicinity of the surrounding margin of woodland, which resembles the shore of a lake, indented with deep vistas like bays and inlets, and throwing out long points, like capes and headlands; while occasionally these points approach so close on either hand, that the traveller passes through a narrow avenue or strait where the shadows of the woodland fall upon his path,—and then again emerges into another prairie. Where the plain is large, the forest outline is seen in the far perspective, like the dim shore when beheld at a distance from the ocean. The eye sometimes

roams over the green meadow, without discovering a tree, a shrub, or any object in the immense expanse, but the wilderness of grass and flowers, while at another time, the prospect is enlivened by the groves, which are seen interspersed like islands, or the solitary tree, which stands alone in the blooming desert.

If it be in the spring of the year, and the young grass has just covered the ground with a carpet of delicate green, and especially if the sun is rising from behind a distant swell of the plain, and glittering upon the dew-drops, no scene can be more lovely to the eye. The deer is seen grazing quietly upon the plain; the bee is on the wing; the wolf, with his tail drooped, is sneaking away to his covert with the felon tread of one who is conscious that he has disturbed the peace of nature; and the grouse feeding in flocks, or in pairs, like the domestic fowl, cover the whole surface; the males strutting and erecting their plumage like the peacock, and uttering a long, loud, mournful note, something like the cooing of a dove, but resembling still more the sound produced by passing a rough finger boldly over the surface of a tambourine. The number of these birds is astonishing. The plain is covered with them in every direction; and when they have been driven from the ground by a deep snow, I have seen thousands, or more properly tens of thousands, thickly clustered in the tops of the trees surrounding the prairie. They do not retire as the country becomes settled, but continue to lurk in the tall grass around the newly made farms; and I have sometimes seen them mingled with the domestic fowls, at a short distance from the farmer's door. They will eat, and even thrive when confined in a coop, and may undoubtedly be domesticated.

When the eye roves off from the green plain, to the groves, or points of timber, these also are found to be at this season robed in the most attractive hues. The rich undergrowth is in full bloom. The red-bud, the dog-wood, the crab-apple, the wild plum, the cherry, the wild rose, are abundant in all the rich lands; and the grape vine, though its blossom is unseen, fills the air with fragrance. The variety of the wild fruit, and flowering shrubs, is so great, and such the profusion of the blossoms with which they are bowed down, that the eye is regaled almost to satiety.

The gayety of the prairie, its embellishments, and the absence of the gloom and savage wildness of the forest, all contribute to dispel the feeling of lonesomeness which usually creeps over the mind of the solitary traveller in the wilderness. Though he may not see a house, nor a human being, and is conscious that he is far from the habitations of men, he can scarcely divest himself of the idea that he is travelling through scenes embellished by the hand of art. The flowers, so fragile, so delicate, and so ornamental, seem to have been tastefully disposed to adorn the scene. The groves and clumps of trees appear to have been scattered over the lawn to beautify the landscape, and it is not easy to avoid that decision of the fancy, which persuades the beholder, that such scenery has been created to gratify the refined taste of civilized man. Europeans are often reminded of the resemblance of this scenery to that of the extensive parks of noblemen, which they have been accustomed to admire, in the old world; the lawn, the avenue, the grove, the copse, which are there produced by art, are here prepared by nature; a splendid specimen of massy architecture, and the distant view of villages, are alone wanting to render the similitude complete.

In the summer, the prairie is covered with long coarse grass, which soon assumes a golden hue, and waves in the wind like a ripe harvest. Those who have not a personal knowledge of the subject, would be deceived by the accounts which are published of the height of the grass. It is seldom so tall as travellers have represented, nor does it attain its highest growth in the richest soil. In the low, wet prairies, where the substratum of clay lies near the surface, the centre or main stem of this grass, which bears the seed, acquires great thickness, and shoots up to the height of eight or nine feet, throwing out a few long coarse leaves or blades, and the traveler often finds it higher than his head as he rides through it on horseback. The plants, although numerous and standing close together, appear to grow singly and unconnected, the whole force of the vegetative power expanding itself upward. But in the rich undulating prairies, the grass is finer, with less of stalk, and a greater profusion of leaves. The roots spread and interweave so as to form a compact even sod, and the blades expand into a close thick sward, which is seldom more than eight inches high, and often less, until late in the season when the seed-bearing stem shoots up.

The first coat of grass is mingled with small flowers; the violet, the bloom of the strawberry, and others of the most minute and delicate texture. As the grass increases in size, these disappear, and others, taller and more gaudy, display their brilliant colors upon the green surface, and still later a larger and coarser succession rises with the rising tide of verdure. A fanciful writer asserts that the prevalent color of the prairie flowers is, in the spring a bluish purple, in midsummer red, and in the autumn yellow. This is one of the notions that people get, who study nature by the fireside. The truth is, that the whole of the surface of these beautiful plains, is clad throughout the season of verdure, with every imaginable variety of color, 'from grave to gay.' It is impossible to conceive a more infinite diversity, or a richer profusion of hues, or to detect any predominating tint, except the green, which forms a beautiful ground, and relieves the exquisite brilliancy of all the others. The only changes of color observed at the different seasons, arise from the circumstance, that in the spring the flowers are small and the colors delicate; as the heat becomes more ardent a hardier race appears, the flowers attain a greater size, and the hue deepens; and still later a succession of coarser plants rise above the tall grass, throwing out larger and gaudier flowers. As the season advances from spring to midsummer, the individual flower becomes less beautiful when closely inspected, but the landscape, is far more variegated, rich, and glowing.

In the winter, the prairies present a gloomy and desolate scene. The fire has passed over them, and consumed every vegetable substance, leaving the soil bare, and the surface perfectly black. That gracefully waving outline, which was so attractive to the eye when clad in green, is now disrobed of all its ornaments; its fragrance, its notes of joy, and the graces of its landscape have all vanished, and the bosom of the cold earth, scorched and dis-

colored, is alone visible. The wind sighs mournfully over the black plain; but there is no object to be moved by its influence; not a tree to wave its long arms in the blast, nor a reed to bend its fragile stem; nor a leaf, nor even a blade of grass to tremble in the breeze. There is nothing to be seen but the cold dead earth and the bare mound, which move not, and the traveller with a singular sensation, almost of awe, feels the blast rushing over him, while not an object visible to the eye, is seen to stir. Accustomed as the mind is to associate with the action of the wind its operation upon surrounding objects, and to see nature bowing and trembling, and the fragments of matter mounting upon the wind, as the storm passes, there is a novel effect produced on the mind of one who feels the current of air rolling heavily over him, while nothing moves around. [West. Mo. Mag.]

#### FROM THE DOCTOR.

THE AUTHOR VENTURES AN OPINION AGAINST THE PREVAILING WISDOM OF MAKING CHILDREN PREMATURELY WISE.

"What, sir," exclaims a lady, who is bluer than ever one of her naked and wood stained ancestors appeared at a public festival in full dye—"what, sir, do you tell us that children are not to be made to understand what they are taught?" And she casts her eyes complacently towards an assortment of those books which so many writers, male and female, some of the infidel, some of the semi-fidel, and some of the super-fidel schools have composed for the laudable purpose of enabling children to understand every thing. "What, sir," she repeats, "are we to make our children learn things by rote like parrots, and fill their heads with words to which they cannot attach any signification?"

"Yes, madam, in very many cases!"

"I should like, sir, to be instructed why?"

She says this in a tone, and with an expression both of eyes and lips which plainly show, in direct opposition to the words, that the lady thinks herself much fitter to instruct, than to be instructed. It is not her fault. She is a good woman, and naturally a sensible one, but she has been trained up in the way woman should not go. She has been carried from lecture to lecture, like a student who is being crammed at a Scotch university. She has attended lectures on chemistry, lectures on poetry, lectures on phrenology, lectures on mnemonics; she has read the latest and most applauded essays on taste; she has studied the newest and most approved treatises, practical and theoretical, upon education: she has paid sufficient attention to metaphysics to know as much as a professed philosopher about matter and spirit; she is a proficient in political economy, and can discourse upon the new science of population. Poor lady, it would require large draughts of lethe to clear out all this undigested and undigestible trash, and fit her for becoming what she might have been! Upon this point however it may be practicable to set her right.

"You are a mother, madam, and a good one. In caressing your infants, you may perhaps think it unphilosophical to use what I should call the proper and natural language of the nursery. But doubtless you talk to them; you give some utterance to your feelings; and whether that utterance be in legitimate and wise words, or in good extemporaneous nonsense, it is alike to the child. The conventional words convey no more meaning to him than the mere sound; but he understands from either all that you wish him to understand, all that is to be understood. He knows that it is an expression of your love and tenderness, and that he is the object of it.

"So too it continues after he is advanced from infancy into childhood. When children are beginning to speak, they do not, and cannot, affix any meaning to half the words which they hear; yet, they learn their mother tongue. What I say is, do not attempt to force their intellectual growth. Do not feed them with meat till they have teeth to masticate it.

"There is a great deal which they ought to learn, can learn, and must learn, before they can or ought to understand it. How many questions must you have heard from them which you have felt to be best answered, when they were with most dexterity put aside?"

#### EXTENSION OF THE SCIENCE OF PHYSIOGNOMY, WITH SOME REMARKS UPON THE PRACTICAL USES OF CRANIOLOGY.

They who know that the word physiognomy is not derived from phiz, and infer from that knowledge that the science is not confined to the visage alone, have extended it to hand-writing also, and hence it has become fashionable in this age of collectors to collect the autographs of a remarkable person. But now that Mr. Rapier has arisen, 'the reformer of illegible hands,' he and his rival, Mr. Carstairs, teach all their pupils to write alike. The countenance, however, has fairer play in our days than it had in old times, for the long heads of the sixteenth century were made by the nurses, not by nature. Elongating the nose, flattening the temples, and raising the forehead, are no longer performed by manual force, and the face undergoes now no other artificial modelling than such as may be impressed upon it by the aid of the looking-glass. So far physiognomy becomes less difficult, the data upon which it has to proceed not having been falsified *ab initio*; but there arises a question, in what state ought they to be examined? Dr. Gall is shaving the head, and overhauling it as a Turk does a Circassian upon sale, that he may discover upon the outside of the skull the organs of fighting, murder, cunning, and thieving (near neighbors in his *mappa cerebri*), of comparing colors, of music, of sexual instinct, of philosophical judgment, &c. &c., all which, with all other qualities, have their latitudes and longitudes in the brain, and are conspicuous upon the outward skull, according to the degree in which they influence the character of the individual.

It must be admitted that if this learned German's theory of craniology be well founded, the gods have devised a much surer, safer and more convenient means for discovering the real characters of the lords and ladies of the creation, than what Momus proposed, when he advised that a window should be placed in the breast. For if this advice had been followed, and there had actually been a window in the sternum—it is I think beyond all doubt that a window shutter would soon have been found indispensably necessary in cold climates, more especially in England,

where pulmonary complaints are so frequent; and, secondly, the wind would not be more injurious to the lungs in high latitudes, than the sun would be to the living in torrid regions; indeed, every where during summer it would be impossible to exist without a green curtain, or Venetian blinds to the window; and after all, take what precautions we might, the world would be ten times more bilious than it is. Another great physical inconvenience would also have arisen; for if men could peep into their insides at any time, and see the motions and the fermentations which are continually going on, and see the rise and progress of every malady distinctly marked in the changes it produced, so many nervous diseases would be brought on by frequent inspection, and so many derangements from attempting to regulate the machine, that the only way to prevent it from making a full stop, would be to put a lock upon the shutter, and deliver the key to the physician.

But upon Dr. Gall's theory how many and what obvious advantages result! Nor are they merely confined to the purposes of speculative physiognomy; the uses of his theory as applied to practice offer to us hopes scarcely less delightful than those which seemed to dawn upon mankind with the discovery of the gases, and with the commencement of the French revolution. In courts of justice, for instance, how beautifully would this new science supply any little deficiency of evidence upon trial! If a man were arraigned for murder, and the case were doubtful, but he were found to have a decided organ for the crime, it would be of little matter whether he had committed the specific fact in the indictment or not; for hanging, if not applicable as punishment, would be proper for prevention. Think also in state trials what infinite advantages an attorney general might derive from the opinion of a regius professor of craniology! Even these are but partial benefits. Our general, ministers, and diplomatists would then unerringly be chosen by the outside of the head, though a criterion might still be wanted to ascertain when it was too thick and when too thin. But the greatest advantages are those which this new system would afford to education; for by the joint efforts of Dr. Gall and Mr. Edgeworth we should be able to breed up men according to any pattern which parents or guardians might think proper to bespeak. The doctor would design the mould, and Mr. Edgeworth by his skill in mechanics devise, with characteristic ingenuity, the best means of making and applying it. As soon as the child was born, the professional cap, medical, military, theological, commercial or legal, would be put on, and thus he would be perfectly prepared for Mr. Edgeworth's admirable system of professional education. I will pursue this subject no farther than just to hint, that the materials of the mould may operate sympathetically, and therefore that for a lawyer in *rus* the cap should be made of brass, for a divine of lead, for a politician of base metal, for a soldier of steel, and for a sailor of heart of English oak.

Dr. Gall would doubtless require the naked head to be submitted to him for judgement. Contrariwise I opine—and all the ladies will agree with me in this opinion—that the head ought neither to be stripped, nor even examined in undress, but that it should be taken with all its accompaniments, when the owner had made the best of it, the accompaniments being not unfrequently more indicative than the features themselves. Long ago the question whether a man is most like himself drest or undrest, was propounded to the British Apollo; and it was answered by the oracle that a man of God Almighty's making is most like himself when undrest; but a man of a tailor's, perwig-maker's, and sempstress's making, when drest. The oracle answered rightly; for no man can select his own eyes, nose or mouth—but his wig and his whiskers are of his own choosing. And to use an illustrious instance, how much of character is there in that awful wig which always in its box accompanies Dr. Parr upon his visits of ceremony, that it may be put on in the hall, with all its feathery honors thick upon it; not a curl deranged, a hair flattened, or a particle of powder wasted on the way!

But if we would form a judgement of the interior of that portentous head which is thus formidably abumbrated, how could it be done so well as by beholding the doctor among his books, and there seeing the food upon which his terrific intellect is fed. There we should see the accents, quantities, dialects, digrammas, and other such small gear as in these days constitute the complete armor of a perfect scholar; and by thus discovering what goes into the head we might form a fair estimate of what was likely to come out of it. This is a truth which, with many others of equal importance, will be beautifully elucidated in this nonpareil history. For Daniel Dove, the father, had a collection of books; they were not so numerous as those of his contemporary Harley, famous for his library, and famous for the peace of Utrecht; but he was perfectly conversant with all their contents, which is more than could be said of the Earl of Oxford.

Reader, whether thou art man, woman or child, thou art doubtless acquainted with the doctrine of association as inculcated by the great Mr. Locke and his disciples. But never hast thou seen that doctrine so richly and so entirely exemplified as in this great history, the association of ideas being, in oriental phrase, the silken thread upon which its pearls are strung.

"Desultoriness," says Mr. Danby, "may often be the mark of a full head; connection must proceed from a thoughtful one."

#### DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

*The Reconciliation.*—"Well, I think it's likely; but don't tease me any more. Your brother has married a poor girl, one whom I forbade him to marry; and I won't forgive him if they all starve together." This speech was addressed to a lovely girl, scarcely eighteen; beautiful as the lily that hides itself beneath the dark waters. She was parting the silvery locks of her father's high, handsome forehead of which her own was a miniature, and pleading the cause of her delinquent brother, who had married in opposition to her father's will, and had consequently been disinherited. Mr. Wheatly was a rich old gentleman, a resident of Boston. He was a fat, good-natured old fellow, somewhat given to mirth and wine, and sat in his arm chair, from morning until night, smoking his pipe, and reading the newspapers. Sometimes a story of his own exploits in our revolutionary battles, filled up a passing hour. He had two children, the disobedient son, and the beautiful girl before spoken of. The fond girl went on pleading: "Dear father, do forgive him; you don't know

what a beautiful girl he has married, and"—"I think it's likely," said the old man; "but don't tease me, and open the door a little, this plaguy room smokes so." "Well," continued Ellen, "won't you see her, now? she is so good; and the little boy, he looks so innocent." "What did you say?" interrupted the father; "a boy! have I a grand child? Why, Ellen, I never knew that before! but I think it's likely. Well, now, give me my chocolate, and then go to your music lesson."

Ellen left him. The old man's heart began to relent. "Well," he went on, "Charles was always a good boy, a little wild or so at college, but I indulged him; and he always was good to his old father, for all; but he disobeyed me, by marrying this poor girl, yet, as my old friend and fellow soldier, Tom Bonner used to say, we must forgive. Poor Tom! I would give all the old shoes I have got to know what ever became of him. If I could but find him or one of his children! Heaven grant they are not suffering! This plaguy smoky room, how my eyes water! If I did but know who this girl was, that my Charles has married; but I have never inquired her name. I'll find out, and—I think it's likely," said the old man. Ellen led into the room a beautiful boy, about two years old. His curly hair and rosy cheeks could not but make one love him. "Who is that?" said the old man, wiping his eyes. "That—that is Charles' boy," said Ellen, throwing one of her arms round her father's neck, while with the other she placed the child on his knee. The child looked tenderly up into his face, and lisped out, "Grand-pa, what makes you cry so?" The old man clasped the child to his bosom, kissed him again and again. After his emotion had a little subsided, he bade the child tell his name. "Thomas Bonner Wheatly," said the boy. "I am named after grand-pa." "What do I hear?" said the old man; "Thomas Bonner your grand-father?" "Yes," lisped the boy, "and he lives with ma, at—" "Get me my cane," said the old man, "and come, Ellen; be quick child."

They started off at a quick pace, which soon brought them to the poor, though neat lodgings of his son. There he beheld his old friend, Thomas Bonner, seated in one corner, weaving baskets, while his swathed limbs showed how unable he was to perform the necessary task. His lovely daughter, the wife of Charles, was preparing their frugal meal, and Charles was out seeking employment to support his needy family. "It's all my fault," sobbed the old man, as he embraced his friend, who was petrified with amazement. "Come," said Mr. Wheatly, "come all of you home with me, we will all live together, there is plenty of room in my house for us all."

By this time Charles had come. He asked his father's forgiveness, which was freely given, and Ellen was almost mad with joy. "Oh, how happy we shall be!" she exclaimed; "and father will love our little Thomas so, and he'll be your pet, won't he father?" "Ay," said the old man, "I think it's likely."

*A Regular Joker.*—While staying with Baron L\*\*\*\*, I was not a little amused with his humor. His servants are all admirably disciplined to second his whims, and his very furniture is for the most part, adapted to the same purpose. Familiar as he was, he did not practise any of his jokes upon me. I escaped, however, from such indulgence by the merest accident; the arrival of a poor Scotch surveyor, who was thought a fitter subject for the often repeated experiment. The Scotchman was treated with extreme hospitality; he was helped to every thing to excess; his glass was never allowed to stand full or empty for one minute. Our entertainer was like the landlord described by Addison; the liquor seemed to have no other effect upon him than upon any other vessel in the house. It was not so with the Scotch guest, who was by this time much farther advanced upon the cruise of intoxication than half seas over. In this state he was conducted to his chamber—a fine lofty Gothic apartment, with a bedstead that seemed coeval with the building. I say seemed; for that was by no means the case, it being in reality a modern piece of structure. It was of dark mahogany, with its four posts extending completely to the ceiling of the chamber. The bed, however, was not more than about two feet from the floor, the better to enable the party to get into it. The Scotchman, with a good deal of assistance, was soon undressed, and his body deposited on this place of repose.

When the door was closed, I was for the first time, made acquainted with the structure of the bedstead which our host considered as his master piece. Upon the touching of a spring, outside the door, the bed was so acted upon by a pulley, that it ascended slowly and smoothly through the fore posts, until it came within two or three feet of the ceiling. The snoring of the Scotchman was the signal for touching the spring, and he was soon at the proper altitude. The servants required no instructions how to act. In one moment the house was in an uproar; cries of "fire! fire!" were heard in different directions. A pile of shavings was set in a blaze opposite the window where poor Sawney slept. The landlord's voice was continually heard, exclaiming, "Good heavens! save the poor Scotch gentleman, if possible; the flames have got into the room just under him!" At this moment we heard him fall and bellow out. A sudden silence took place—every light was extinguished, and the whole house seemed to be buried in the most profound repose. The Scotchman's voice could alone be heard, roaring out, in the high dialect of his country, for assistance. At length two of the men servants, in their shirts, entered the room, with a candle just lit, and yawning, as if immediately aroused from their first sleep. They found him sprawling on the floor. "O dear, sir, what is the matter with you?" "Matter!" says he; "why, isn't the house on fire?" "Not at all, sir." "What was the reason of the cries of fire, fire, than?" "Bless you, sir, you must have been dreaming; why, there's not so much as a mouse stirring, and his honor and the whole family has been asleep these three hours." The Scotchman now gave up all credit in the testimony of his own senses. "I must ha' been dreaming, indeed, and ha' hurt myself by falling out of bed." "Hurt yourself, sir!—not much I hope, the bed is so low;" and by this time it had been made to descend to its first level. The poor Scot was quite confused; quite ashamed at disturbing the family; begged a thousand pardons; accompanied the servants to the door; closed it after them, and was left once more in the dark.

But the last act of the pantomime was not yet performed. The spring had been immediately touched on closing the door, and the bed was soon beyond the reach of our guest. We could hear him groping about, and uttering frequent ejaculations of astonishment. He easily found the bed post; put it was in vain he could endeavor to get in. He moved his hands up and down. His legs were often lifted by the way of stepping in, but always encountered the floor upon his descent. He uttered exclamations of surprise not loud, but deep, for fear of again disturbing the family. He concluded himself to be in the possession of some evil spirit. In short, when it was found by his silence, that he had given up the task as hopeless, and had disposed of himself upon one of the chairs, the bed was allowed to slide down again, and in the morning Sawney could not but express his astonishment at not being able to find it in the dark.

*Living Witnesses.*—A quack doctor, in one of his bills, stated that he could bring living witnesses to prove the efficacy of his nostrum, "which is more," says he, "than others in my line can do."

## GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

**BALLOON ASCENSION.**—Of the almost numberless aerial voyages that our citizens have witnessed, this was one of the grandest they have ever seen. Being on a day when the whole population was in motion, and at an hour when all other pageantry had passed, it seemed that quite the largest portion of the population on foot repaired to the Battery, and large as it is over twelve acres that large space was nearly crowded. The surface of the water, the castle, the house top, and every prominent place was covered with people. At 10 minutes before 5 o'clock, every thing being in readiness, the aeronaut stepped into his frail wicker basket, and rose beautifully with his balloon amid the deafening shouts of thousands. Mr. R. took a southerly direction up the Hudson at an altitude so low that all his motions were discernible, till he reached New Jersey. He then threw out a portion of his ballast, and ascended to a great height, when he was met by a counter current of wind, which wafted him over the city till he had passed the dry dock. He then let off gas for his descent, and many boats put off from that place to his rescue. When within hailing distance, and thanking his friends for their kind attention, he again threw out ballast, and ascended like a cork from Champagne, till he reached a height of nearly three miles. The wind then wafted him with great velocity across the East River, to Long Island, when he descended in perfect safety within two miles of Newtown, whence he took a less elevated vehicle, and arrived at Castle Garden at half past nine in the evening. [N. Y. Daily Adv.]

**SCULPTURE.**—Mr. John Frazee, of New York, whose celebrity is becoming commensurate with his genius, has, recently, modelled a bust of our venerable and excellent chief justice, and also, another of the president, which, when wrought from the eloquent marble, will bear his fame to posterity. The busts of Daniel Webster and Nathaniel Prime, which he has lately finished, (though not, we think, more beautiful than that of Jay—for we can scarcely imagine anything more highly wrought,) will convince all not inveterately transatlantic in their prejudices, that the fine arts, as well as the literature of America will be, no longer, subservient or secondary to those of Europe. We rejoice to witness the patronage, which the genius of Mr. Frazee, after many trials and difficulties, is receiving from those of his countrymen who are sufficiently independent to acknowledge and admire the intellect of the west. [No. Am. Maga.]

**OBITUARY.**—In Toronto, on the 31st of May, in the 28th year of his age, after a lingering illness of eight weeks, of a disease of the lungs resulting from inflammation, the Rev. Wm. Boulton, B. A. one of the classical masters of the Upper Canada college. The deceased was the youngest son of the late Judge Boulton, of Queen's college, Oxford—a young man of amiable disposition and manners, and of exemplary life. As a minister of the gospel his gratuitous services to the remote townships of the home district were frequent, laborious and highly appreciated. He has left a widow and four children who arrived from England, but a few days subsequent to his death, to lament over a bereavement which cannot be repaired. The remains of the deceased were attended to the grave by a large concourse of private friends and connections; and a numerous assemblage of the college boys, including all the particular pupils of the deceased, closed the procession. [Ib.]

**FIRE.**—On Saturday night between 11 and 12 o'clock, a fire broke out at the corner of Lodge and Pine street, in the carpenter shop of S. Conover, which speedily consumed it; and the two churches opposite and the 2d Presbyterian church south of it, were at one time in great danger. The exertions of the fire-men, however, saved all the buildings in the neighborhood. Those burned were insured, but Mr. Conover's loss in building stuff and work ready to be put up, is considerable. The fire is thought to have been the work of an incendiary, as the shop had been closed since 6 P.M. and three persons were observed by one of the neighbors to look into one of the windows at 11 o'clock p. m. If this is the case, our police cannot be too vigilant in watching the movements of certain suspicious characters. [Alb. Adv.]

**SMALL POX AND VARIOLOID.**—These loathsome disorders have prevailed to a considerable extent recently in Providence, introduced by an Irish woman, on her way from New Haven to Boston, having an infant covered with eruptions. The number of cases amounted to 79—38 of small pox and 41 of varioloid. Of the former, 11 cases have terminated mortally, and all the cases of small pox have been severe. Those of the varioloid have been light. The disease still continues, but has very much diminished. [N. Y. Commercial.]

**LARGE FIRE.**—At one o'clock, yesterday morning, the large five story brick building, 209 Pearl street, four doors east from Maiden lane, was discovered to be on fire, and so rapid had been the progress of the flames within, before the fire was known without, that the entire building was almost instantly enveloped in flames, before twenty persons had arrived on the spot. The adjoining store on the east, No. 211, also of the same dimensions, was soon in flames, and the four upper stories destroyed. The store on the west (207) was also destroyed. The destruction of the latter building, was caused by the falling of one of the high walls from the adjoining store—the noise of which was distinctly heard in Canal street. No. 200 was occupied on the first floor by Messrs. Doremus, Suydam & Nixon, wholesale dry goods merchants, who were insured for \$40,000—the second by Messrs. Browers & Adams, dealers in the same articles. No. 211 was occupied on the first floor by Theo. F. Brett and Doremus, who had an insurance of \$10,000. The second floor was occupied by John Rankin, importer of lace goods. The building on the west, (207) was a three story store. It was occupied by Rev. C. Hance, wholesale dry goods merchant, and the second floor by T. H. Messenger, as an umbrella warehouse. A considerable portion of Mr. Hance's goods were removed to Mr. Coskey's store in Maiden lane—the whole of Mr. Messenger's stock destroyed. The insurance on the whole of the property destroyed, amounted to \$160,000, and the loss is estimated at \$200,000. Many of the firemen were actively engaged with their hose during the whole of yesterday—with the thermometer ranging the whole time from 38 to 103. We regret to add that a member of engine No. 14 had his arm broken in two places, by coming in contact with the brake of No. 11 while she was playing. [N. Y. Sun.]

**THE HOT WEATHER.**—At Philadelphia on Tuesday, the thermometer ranged from 98 to 103. Such intensity of heat, according to the statement of a gentleman who has kept a record for a number of years past, has not been experienced since 1810. There was something (says the National Gazette) so heavy and burning in the very air, that one might have supposed his majesty, 'the Fire King,' was amusing himself by riding through it on his 'hot copper filly,' with 'a torch for a whip, and a match for a spur,' and

His grand wig of flames curling over his head  
Well powdered with white smoking ashes.

The extreme heat of the past three days has been destructive of human life in many places besides this city. Several deaths occurred in

Albany, some by the profuse use of cold water. Five laborers died in the clay banks, another at Greenbush; also one of the firemen of the steamboat Swiftsure on her passage up the Hudson. A stranger also fell dead in the streets of Wilmington, Delaware. [N. Y. Sun.]

## To the Executive Committee of the New-York State Temperance Society:

Gentlemen—The undersigned, a committee appointed at a meeting of the friends of temperance recently held at this place, to address the Executive Committee of the state society, on the propriety of holding their next anniversary at Buffalo; would beg leave to state, that they are deeply impressed with the importance of the proposed measure. Western New-York, at the present time, opens a vast field for temperance operations. This great reform, which is achieving such wonders in other sections of our state, has thus far, in a great measure, failed of accomplishing the greatest good within the region of country, of which Buffalo is the centre. Something must be done to bring the subject favorable before the people.

Individual philanthropy has done much in the glorious cause; but the poison has so entirely penetrated the whole system; men have become so overwhelmed in the error upon this great question; selfish passions have so far taken the place of reason, of humanity and of gratitude to God, that an effort must be made to give increased momentum to this heaven born enterprise. We all feel the necessity of giving it a new impulse, and of bringing the subject before the people of this section of the state, in such a manner as will not fail to arouse them to consciousness of their present degradations, and of the awful responsibility that rests upon them, in view of the ravages of intemperance.

The undersigned, therefore, would take the liberty to request the Executive Committee, and to urge upon them the propriety, nay, importance, of holding the next annual meeting of the society at the city of Buffalo.

That it would give a new impulse to the temperance reform—that it will tend to hasten on the day when the manufacture, the sale and the use of intoxicating liquors shall be known only as matter of history and tradition—that it will tend to awaken the friends of humanity in this quarter, to a just conception of their duties and their responsibilities, the undersigned most sincerely believe.

If these suggestions should meet your views, the undersigned entertain the confident expectation that the next annual meeting of the state society will be appointed to be held at the city of Buffalo, on the seventeenth day of September next; and the undersigned will use their best endeavors to make the place of meeting both convenient and agreeable.

With sentiments of great respect,  
Gentlemen, we remain your obedient servants,  
H. B. POTTER, H. SHUMWAY, HIRAM PRATT,  
THOMAS C. LOVE, SAM'L CALDWELL, J. MAYHEW,  
R. W. PADELFORD, J. E. MARSHALL.  
Buffalo, July 2, 1834.

The Executive Committee of the state society, at a regular meeting held, Albany, July 7th, resolved, that in compliance with the request of the citizens of Buffalo, and in accordance with the resolutions passed at the last annual meeting of the society, it is expedient to hold the next annual meeting of the state society at Buffalo, Sept. 17th, 1834; that as this society consists of all the officers of county and town societies in the state, it is incumbent on these, either by personal attendance or delegates, to ensure a full representation, and that it is a matter of great importance to the interests of the cause, not only in the western part of New-York, but in the adjoining states and in Canada, that the proposed meeting be fully and generally attended, and that this committee respectfully tender their thanks to Messrs. H. B. Potter and the members of the committee of Buffalo, for their invitation and the proposition to make the necessary preliminary arrangements.

EDWARD C. DELAYAN, JOHN F. BACON,  
JOHN T. NORTON, HENRY TROWBRIDGE,  
ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, IRA HARRIS,  
P. S. VAN BENSSELAER,  
Executive Committee.

**CAUTION.**—Spurious Five Dollar Notes, purporting to be of the bank of Albany, were offered in Albany on Saturday. The plate is the same as the five dollar counterfeit notes on the bank of Auburn; and are signed W. H. Wynkoop, cashier, J. P. Van Ness, president; dated July 4, 1833. They may be easily detected, as the bank of Albany has never issued any notes of that plate, nor has there ever been a cashier or president of the names above mentioned. If not closely examined, they will be taken for Auburn notes.

**FORT ADAMS.**—The work at this important fortress has been resumed. Nearly 400 laborers are now daily employed.

**UPPER LAKES.**—We learn from the Buffalo Daily Advertiser that the superior steam-boat Michigan will leave Buffalo for the upper Lakes, on the 12th of August.

**NEW VESSELS.**—Several new vessels have arrived here within a few days, from different ports west, where they have been constructed. We have not the names of all. The Schooners Bridget, Capt. Lundy; the Henry Norton, Capt. Oliver, the Indiana, Capt. Whitaker, and the Brig Indiana, Capt. Burnett, are among the number. We noticed, recently, the Brig Illinois, built here, by Pratt, Taylor and Co. The Indiana, now arrived, is her twin mate: two hundred and fifteen tons burden, completely found, in all respects, and destined for the same service—the trade of the far west. She is a lofty and noble vessel, and her finely tapered spars tower above the fleet in port, "like the masts of some tall admiral."

We would not, and we need not be invidious in descriptions. Suffice it to say, that improvements in the naval architecture of these lakes, and the thorough manner in which vessels are now found and furnished, could not and does not result otherwise than in the production of the most superior craft; and it is not too much to say that by these improvements, our lakes are now navigated with less than one half the danger to life and property, that they were ten years since. [Buf. Whig.]

**SLAVERY.**—The first day of August next, not more than twenty days hence, all the slaves of the British West Indies are free. Denmark has followed the example set her by England; France is looking after the same track: the other European nations are waking up to the subject. Shall America—shall the United States—be the last to wipe this foul stain from her banner, and consider the rights of man! [Ellic. Rep.]

**TO WOOL GROWERS.**—They are particularly requested by the manufacturers not to use cotton twine in doing up the fleeces; the particles of cotton that will inevitably adhere to the wool takes a different color, which makes specks in the cloth. Marking sheep with tar or turpentine is also very objectionable.

**TORNADO.**—The county of Wilkesbarre, Penn. was visited a few nights since with terrible tornado. At Providence, trees fence, and corn &c. were entirely prostrated in many places; but at Centreville, the elements their greatest fury. There the ravages of the tempest were indeed terrific. Out of twenty or thirty buildings of which

the village was composed, but three or four withstood its violence—the remainder were either overturned or entirely razed to the ground.

**Raising and removing brick houses** is a business very successfully carried on in this city, and is a great curiosity in a scientific point of view. Carrying back a large five story fire proof store ten feet, or making a brick house face another street, would at one time have been considered an extraordinary undertaking. We were admiring the ease and security with which the handsome two story brick house, 210 Bowery, was raised by screws and blocks to a height so as to enable the owner to build another story under it, and when completed it will be a substantial 3 story house. The raising of this brick house was done by Geo. Bakewell, 177 Elizabeth street, and not a wall was cracked nor a timber put out of place. [N. Y. Star.]

**CRUELTY TO A SLAVE.**—It is with pain we mention a repetition of similar cruelties to those committed by Madame Lalaurie, on the person of a little negro slave, the property of Mrs. Pardos living in the lower part of the city. This unfortunate victim exhibits all the marks of a most revolting cruelty. Several of her teeth have been, it seems, extracted for the purpose of appeasing the demoniac resentment of her mistress. The Mayor, upon the facts coming to his knowledge, promptly issued a warrant for the slave, and she is now detained in the police jail until further inquiry is made. [N. O. Bee.]

**HON. JAMES G. BIRNEY.**—Our readers will recollect that we gave currency, a few weeks ago, to a rumor that this distinguished citizen had abandoned the Colonization cause, and become a convert to the doctrines of the Anti-Slavery Society. Several papers denied the fact. In consequence, we learn, of the rumor and denial, numerous calls have been made on Mr. Birney, from various quarters, to know his present sentiments with reference to the Colonization Society and the American Anti-Slavery Society. Mr. Birney, in reply, has published in the Lexington (Ken.) Intelligencer a short article, noticing the calls upon him in public papers, and asserting the fact that his sentiments upon colonization have undergone a great and total change. In addition he said, that he felt impelled to give his views at length, sustained by facts and arguments, and he had prepared such a document, and would publish it in a few days. Mr. Birney is allied to some of the most distinguished families in Virginia and Kentucky, and is extensively known as an enlightened scholar, a sound lawyer, an eloquent advocate, an intelligent and devoted revival christian. We are authorized to say he is a thorough abolitionist, and is willing and determined to devote the powers with which he is endowed to a fearless and uncompromising elucidation and defence of these principles before the American people. [N. Y. Evan.]

**FOREIGN.**—We have English and French papers of a late date by the recent arrivals. A general congress of all the European powers is spoken of, at the suggestion of the French king. The king of Naples; it is said, is about to send away the Swiss troops, and give his people a constitution. In Tripoli disorder and civil war still prevailed. At Magny a violent conflict had taken place between 200 young men of different communes. The Swabian Mercury says, there are a great number of foreigners between the Rhine and the Main, who are supposed to be engaged in revolutionary plots. The police are therefore extremely rigid. Jerome Bonaparte had passed through Brussels on his way to Germany. Several wealthy young citizens of Frankfurt, had left to settle with their wives in North America. The celebrated traveller, Cap. James Ross, had passed through Copenhagen on his way to Sweden, on matters relative to his northern expedition, on his return he was to undertake a voyage to the south Pole. The journeymen dyers at Lyons, have combined and abandoned work. The royal court of Paris has recently decided that no Frenchman can institute proceedings in the French courts of law, against any foreigner whom he may have previously sued in the courts of another country. A rupture is apprehended between England and Russia, from the difficulties in the Ionian Isles. [N. Y. Sun.]

**RIOT IN BUFFALO.**—We regret to state, that on Saturday night last, a few dissolute colored men, on their return from the circus, "armed with clubs and with stones in their pockets and stockings," made an attack on several houses in the lower part of the city, but, on four of the gang being arrested by constable Fursman who had followed them, the remainder took to flight. We are sorry to learn, from Mr. Fursman's address in the Daily Advertiser of Monday, that "one, on being closely pursued, rather than betaken, jumped into the ship canal. Every effort was made to save him, but he sank immediately. A boat was procured from the harbor as soon as possible, and his body found in about the same place where he jumped in. No violence was used by any individual of the police, and as the night was remarkably clear and light, any circumstance of that kind could not have escaped" the constable's notice.

**POLICE—More Rules.**—Last night a great number of persons were committed to jail for riotous conduct. This city can no longer be safe and guarded from the depredations of the filth and scum of the land, passing through or thrown into it from its peculiar location, without the organization of a regular city watch. The city officers, one and all, have been untiring and sleepless in their efforts to preserve the peace and property of our inhabitants, and now let our citizens come forward and subscribe liberally for a regular watch, and relieve them from a duty, which has been only forced upon them by their pride as citizens holding a place in the corporate authorities.

In the new City of Brooklyn, we see they have appropriated \$50,000 for lots for public buildings alone. Here in this growing, rich and prosperous city, we are "cribbled, cabined and confined" in our expenditures, within the sum of \$8300 annually. Alderman Smith, Constables Jones, Fursman, and Whoopie, and others, deserve thanks for the bold manner in which they grappled with the mob last night. [Buff. Daily Adv. of July 22.]

## SUMMARY.

The Hon. John Q. Adams is appointed to deliver an oration upon the life and character of Lafayette, before both houses of Congress at their next session.

A valuable lead mine has been discovered in Middleborough, Virginia.

At Lexington, Kentucky, a man named Williamson was killed by his wife, who fired a musket at him in self defence—he having chased her with a drawn knife, with the supposed intention of killing her.

Jerome Bonaparte left London for the Continent on the 29th of May.

The young men of Boston have resolved that some one of their fellowcitizens shall be invited in their name to deliver an Eulogy on the character of Lafayette. They have also resolved to consider the expediency of erecting a cenotaph to his memory at Mount Auburn.

The Patriotic Bank of Washington has announced its determination to resume specie payments.

At the same time that Mr. Robertson made his last voyage to the clouds from Castle Garden, Mr. Parker a new candidate for aeronautic fame, took a similar flight at Baltimore; and was, like Mr. R. lost, for a time, in the clouds. The ascension was a fine and successful one. He descended five miles from the city, and returned in two hours.

We learn from the N. Y. Cour. & Enq. that a very extensive fire occurred in the new city of Bangor, Me., on the morning of the 4th inst. Twenty-three buildings were destroyed. The fire originated in a room occupied by a tailor, in a large range of wooden buildings, corner of Broad, Fish and Main-streets. A large portion of the contents was saved, but the amount of loss is estimated at \$25,000. A considerable portion of the property was insured in Boston.

A boy named George Kimber, 14 years of age, an apprentice to Mr. Pierson, of Eden's Alley, New-York, fell from the 4th story, through the trap-door, and was almost instantly killed.

The *Wandering Piper* was last week at Toronto, U. C., dressed as a Highlander, in the tartan of the McKenzie clan. The editor of the Canadian correspondent says he would go ten miles to hear him play Moore's *Grannie's Tale*.

The barque *Wm. Smith*, has arrived at Portland with a full cargo of cotton, intended for the neighboring factories. This is said to be the first instance of a full cargo of this description being brought here.

The Fourth of July casualties, says the N. Y. Cour. & Enq., are coming in as usual from every quarter of the country. It is astonishing that the annual recurrence of these casualties, which has been regular and increasing in amount for more than half a century, should not have produced more carefulness and caution upon this day. The accidents upon this occasion are almost always the result of carelessness; and still we see no precautions taken for their prevention, although the certainty of having the usual number to record after the celebration, has passed into a proverb among the conductors of the press. The catastrophes of the occasion are matter of ordinary expectation as the annual orations.

The President of the United States has left Washington for Tennessee, and is not expected to return before October.

A ferry boat was sunk on the Missouri River, at Independence, 17th June, by which accident James Campbell, William Everett, David Litch, Jefferson Cary, and a Mr. Bardbury, lost their lives. A committee who had crossed over to confer with the Mormons, were on board; and it was supposed the bottom of the boat had been bored by a party of these infuriated fanatics. Messrs. Campbell, Everett and Lynch were of the committee—the other two sufferers were ferry-men. [N. Y. Sun.]

Current information from Missouri confirms the apprehensions entertained of the breaking out of a furious civil war between the Mormons and the residents of Jackson county in the State of Missouri. The *Fayette Monitor* of the 21st ult. says, "By our next number, we anticipate something (on the Mormon controversy) in an authentic form. The people may look for the worst."

The late fire at Bangor, by which 30 or 40,000 dollars worth of property was destroyed, was the effect of "drunken malevolence."

The Steam-Boat Gen. Porter, hence for Detroit, broke a shaft off Erie, on Saturday last, and was towed back to this port on Sunday, by the *Daniel Webster*. She will take the lake again in a few days. [Buf. Whig.]

Kimberly & Waters sold one *Ham* out of that big Virginia lot that people talk so much about, which weighed 15-12 lbs., to a steamboat running on our western lakes. [Buf. Daily Adv.]

The Queen of Spain has shown her regard for the freedom of the press, by suppressing four of the liberal journals at Madrid.

On the 21st inst. Jonas Rice was committed to the Chataque county jail for 30 days, for breaking open the dwelling house of Mr. Charles Dibble, and stealing from thence goods, to the amount of twenty dollars. The *Mayville Recorder* states that the prisoner was a stranger and recently from Canada, on his way to Pennsylvania.

A Post Office has been established at Lebanon Springs, called Columbia Hall Post Office, Columbia county, State of New-York, and Henry Hall appointed Post Master thereof.

It has been proposed, in Boston, to appoint Mr. Webster to pronounce an eulogy upon Lafayette. The citizens of Richmond have proposed to request Chief Justice Marshall to pronounce a similar eulogy.

Major Gen. Sir Colin Campbell, lady and suite, arrived at Halifax, 1st inst.—Sir John Colbin took the oath of office as Lieut. Governor of Nova Scotia and its dependencies, on the 2d.

The U. S. ship *Ontario*, Capt. Salter, arrived at Buenos Ayres on the 21st of May from Montevideo.

The Hon. John Birdsall, one of the Senators representing the Eighth Senate District, has resigned his office in consequence of ill health.

We learn from the N. Y. Commercial, that the stage in which Mr. Clay was returning from Washington, was overtaken between Harper's Ferry and Winchester. The horses were at half speed in descending a hill at the time of the accident. Mr. Clay was uninjured, but a young gentleman named Albert Hamrick-house, was killed.

A dealer in lottery tickets (E. L. Colcord) in Philadelphia, has been committed to prison for three weeks, for selling a ticket contrary to law. The Recorder, in passing sentence, announced the determination of the Court to execute rigorously the law against lotteries, and in all future cases rather to execute rigorously the law against lotteries, and in all future cases rather to exceed than to fall below the degree of punishment awarded in this.

The Penny Magazine recommends the following precautions during a thunder storm. "If you are situated in the centre of a town, the safest place is the coal cellar; and if you are near the outskirts, you will be most secure by lying down on your face in the middle of a field."

During the intense heat of Tuesday, Mr. Arthur Shaff, Librarian in the State Department at Washington, fell dead in the arms of his uncle, Mr. Forsyth.

One of the newspapers, in noticing the death of a lady, says: "Providence saw good to encompass her with many sorrows;" and then goes on to state that she had 11 children, and 72 grand children.

The Constitutionnel calls the attention of the government and the public to the erection of a statue in honor of General Lafayette, and points out the Place de l'Hotel de Ville as a suitable spot.

At Havre all the American and some French vessels hoisted their flags halfmast high, in token of mourning for General Lafayette; at Antwerp the same respect was shown by the American ships for his memory.

An Irishman, named Daniel Morre, fighting with one of his countrymen, on Monday week, in Boston, fell into the canal, near the Warren Bridge, and was drowned. Verdict of the Coroner's inquest, "accidentally drowned."

The Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Cour. & Enq. states that 30,000 engraved portraits of Gen. Lafayette have been ordered for the United States.

John B. Van Ness, Esq. of Vermilion, Huron Co. Ohio, being a spectator at a squirrel hunt in the woods, a ball fired by one of the sportsmen glanced from a tree, and struck him near the heart, by which he was instantly killed. Mr. Van Ness was married in New Haven, two or three years since, to a daughter of the late D. C. DeForest, Esq.

Rev. Jno. N. Moffitt has been appointed Professor of Elocution in La Grange College, Tenn.

A lad, says one of our exchanges, an apprentice in a tin and copper manufactory in the Borough of Wyoming, has completed a steam engine the whole machinery his own work.

The Wyoming Herald, of Wednesday, states that the Wyoming Division of the North Branch canal, is finished. The water was let into it last week, and on Friday it found its way through to the Susquehanna, where the canal strikes the pool in the river. There was very little difficulty on account of leaks. It is said to be a good canal.

The store of Daniel W. Vittum, of Dover, N. H., was broken open recently, and robbed of bank notes to the amount of \$300. A reward of \$300 is offered for its recovery.

Joane Warner, Esq., late of Charlestown, Mass., has left a legacy of \$3000 to Middlebury College, besides having made, before his decease, a munificent subscription, to aid the new buildings.

Mr. George Stevenson, civil engineer, recently stated to a committee of the British House of Commons on the great western railway, that by that rail, should it be completed, 10,000 soldiers might be conveyed from London to Bristol in four hours.

In the procession at Richmond in honor of the memory of Lafayette, Chief Justice Marshall walked as one of the pall-bearers.

A whirlwind passed over several villages on the Lackawanna Creek, by which great damage has been sustained. In one village alone, twenty-eight buildings were blown down, and several persons more or less injured.

A Cincinnati paper states that a gentleman of that city, has invented a vessel to navigate the air, propelled by steam power. The boat is about ten feet long, the ribs being covered with silk, in order to render it very light. The engine, of two horse power, is placed in the middle, and turns four vertical shafts projecting over the bow and stern, into each of which are fixed four spiral silken wings, which are made to revolve with a sufficient velocity to cause the vessel to rise. Over the whole is fixed a moveable silken cover, designed to assist in counteracting the gravitating force, at the same time tending to assist in its propulsion forward. An experiment was to have been made on the fourth inst.

A fire broke out in the village of Johnstown on the night of the 10th inst., and before it was got under, destroyed twenty buildings.

The *Bangor steamer*, (a temperance boat) had on her first trip from Boston, two hundred passengers. She is highly praised in all the papers—a compliment to the New York artisans.

The two breaches which occurred on the 10th inst., on the Delaware and Raritan Canal, near Trenton, will be repaired in the course of the present week, at an expense not exceeding two thousand dollars. It is expected the navigation of the canal will be resumed on Monday, the 21st inst.

The Fire Insurance Companies of the city of New-York have resolved materially to increase the rates of premium on buildings more than four stories high. The precise rate of increase has not yet been fixed.

A new steamboat, on the Burden principle, has been launched at Brockville, in Canada. She is intended to test the practicability of navigating the rapids of St. Lawrence.

"The Agricultural Bank" is the title of a new institution established at Toronto, (late York) Upper Canada.

A swarm of bees contain from 10,000 to 20,000 in a natural state, and from 30 to 40,000 in a hive. [N. Brunswick Times.]

A Blacksmith in Virginia has invented a machine for striking, which enables blacksmiths to dispense with a striker, and at the same time, perform; with the aid of one of these machines, double the amount of work, which they can with the aid of one of the best strikers. The machine is propelled by the foot in the ordinary manner of turning a lathe. The inventor has secured a patent right. [Balt. Pa.]

## LITERARY INQUIRER, And Repertory of Literature, Science & General Intelligence.

EDITED BY W. VERRINDER.

BUFFALO, WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1834.

**Address.**—With the present number a new volume of the *Literary Inquirer* commences, which, we think, will possess strong and peculiar claims for increased patronage and support. It has been the object of the proprietor from the commencement, to render this journal worthy of public confidence; and though, from circumstances to which reference has been already made, we have been unable to devote adequate time and attention to the editorial department, yet the rapid increase in the number of subscribers and the satisfaction so generally expressed, induce us to believe, that neither our personal efforts nor the various difficulties with which we have had to contend, have been altogether unappreciated by a kind and generous community. Of the large edition which we printed of the last volume, only fifteen complete sets are now for sale. We have therefore struck off an additional number of the present impression, and such of our friends as feel interested in the success of the paper, will confer on us a favor we shall most gratefully acknowledge, by obtaining immediately a few new and responsible subscribers.

With reference to the manner in which this journal will hereafter be conducted, and the class of subjects to which the attention of our readers will be invited, we have only to remark, that, in the literary department, in addition to a much larger quantity of original matter—in the form of Tales, Poetry, Biographical Sketches and Essays, we shall continue to furnish choice extracts from new and approved works, reports of learned societies, native and foreign periodicals, &c. In the two pages which will be regularly devoted to general intelligence, we shall give a carefully selected compendium of the latest news—domestic and foreign; a summary of such passing events as will be interesting to the general reader; concise accounts of the more important proceedings of our national and state legislatures, with occasional extracts from public documents and speeches of extraordinary interest; marriages, deaths, &c. &c.

In conclusion, we would again remark, that it is our wish to secure for the *Literary Inquirer* an admission into the halls of science, the mart of business, and the domestic circle—to render it, in short, a *Repertory*, from the pages of which, the student, the merchant, and every member of a family, may derive appropriate information and intellectual enjoyment. To accomplish these objects, and to merit the support of an enlightened community, neither pains nor expense will be spared; but every exertion shall be made to render this paper not only deserving of present perusal, but worthy of preservation for future reference on the various topics to which its columns will be devoted.

**Great Temperance Meeting in Buffalo.**—We have much pleasure in presenting to our readers, in this week's paper, the important correspondence which has just taken place between a committee of the citizens of Buffalo and the Executive Committee of the New-York Temperance Society, on the propriety of holding the next annual meeting of the State Society in this city. Every true friend of this noble and philanthropic enterprise, which cannot but commend itself to the heart and conscience of every christian and patriot, will sincerely rejoice at the success with which the application was attended. But in order that the proposed meeting may accomplish all the benefit contemplated by its originators, it is absolutely necessary that the friends of temperance in this city and county should in the mean time actively bestir themselves. They must indeed be indefatigable in their exertions. Light must be diffused—the subject must be agitated—the press must use its influence. We rejoice to know that some of our most respectable citizens have voluntarily assumed the responsibility of supplying every family in the county of Erie with the Temperance Almanac and with the Temperance Recorder for six months. Will not the friends of temperance in other counties of Western New-York follow this noble example? Let one grand simultaneous effort be now made; and the cause of temperance will receive an impetus—the friends of temperance achieve a victory, the influence of which would be felt until there shall cease to be a drunkard, or a moderate drinker of ardent spirit, in this whole region of country. Again we say, Let every member of our temperance societies, and every lover of his species, exert themselves—vigorously and perseveringly exert themselves in this most important cause. Let something be done which shall be alike worthy of the occasion and of those who make the effort.

**Buffalo Daily Advertiser.**—On the 4th inst. Col. Roberts issued the first number of his new paper. It is handsomely printed on a sheet of the same size as the *Weekly Journal*, and is published at the Exchange Reading Room, corner of Main and Division streets. In announcing the commencement of this enterprise, we would remark, that the establishment of a daily paper in a commercial city like this, must be regarded as a desideratum by all classes of the community. To the merchant its benefits will be incalculable. And we sincerely hope the citizens generally, both here and in all neighboring ports, will immediately come forwards and support Col. Roberts in so praiseworthy an effort. The expense of getting up a paper of this kind is great, much greater indeed than many may imagine, but it both can and should be met with promptitude and liberality.

**Exchange Reading Room.**—We were much gratified the other evening with our first visit to this establishment since its removal. We found the new room fitted up in a style of great neatness and taste, and every thing arranged to promote the comfort and convenience of visitors. The proprietor, E. J. Roberts, esq., certainly deserves, and we hope will receive, the commendation and support of the citizens generally. To our young men, especially, the Reading Room holds out peculiar inducements, and we have no doubt they will often avail themselves of its facilities, to gain a knowledge of the news and literature of the day. After the fatigues and cares incident to business, how delightful to spend an hour in the evening at the Exchange Reading Room, where we can hold communion with the most distinguished statesmen, orators and literati of our own age and of all nations, and make ourselves familiar with the "sayings and doings" of the busy world around us and of which, to ourselves at least, we form so important a part.

**Anti-Slavery Societies.**—At a meeting held in this city, on the 2nd instant, an association was formed with the title of "The Buffalo City Anti-Slavery Society," having chiefly for its object, as stated in the constitution, "the taking of all lawful, moral, and religious means to effect a total and immediate abolition of slavery in the United States." Since its formation, the Society have held several meetings, at two of which lectures were delivered by Mr. Calvin C. Pepper, an agent of the Parent Institution. The number of members already amounts to nearly a hundred, among whom are some of our most respectable merchants and mechanics. The following is a list of the officers for the current year: Daniel Bowen, president; Abner Bryant, vice-president; Wm. Verrinder, secretary; E. A. Marsh, treasurer; and Wm. Allen, G. W. Cotton, Noyes Darrow, C. C. Bristol and E. Holt, managers.

At a county convention, held at the Methodist Episcopal church, in the city of Rochester, on the 4th instant, James Sperry, esq., of Henrietta, in the chair, the Declaration of Independence, preceded by some remarks, having been read by the Rev. B. H. Hickox, and the objects of the convention stated by Dr. W. W. Reid, who also read and commented on the Declaration of Sentiments of the American Anti-Slavery Convention, Dr. J. W. Smith offered the following: "Whereas slavery is a national sin and ought to be immediately abolished; therefore resolved, That it is our duty as citizens of the United States, to aid, by all lawful and reasonable means in our power, our fellow-citizens at the South, to abolish slavery as speedily as possible." After several animated addresses, the motion was carried unanimously. A county society was then organized, with the title of "The Monroe County Anti-Slavery Society," auxiliary to the American Anti-Slavery Society. The following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: President: Elder E. Galusha, Rochester. Vice-Presidents: Thomas Blossom, Brighton; Elijah Linnell, Pittsford; Lott Thompson, Penfield; Rev. Daniel Johnson, Perinton; Rev. J. Thalhimer, Mendon; James Sperry, Henrietta; Calvin G. Hill, Gates; A. Chapman, Ogden; ———, Parma; Dr. G. Taber, Clarkson; Rev. Mr. Cheesman, Wheatland; Alfred Scofield, Chili; Daniel Stone, Rush; Hubbard Hall, Riga; Silas Walker, Green; S. Judson, Sweden; Dr. A. G. Smith, 1st ward, Rochester; L. Moore, 2nd ditto; Geo. A. Avery, 3rd ditto; O. N. Bush, 4th ditto; Bill Colby, 5th ditto. Treasurer: Arist. Champion, Rochester. Recording Secretary: E. F. Marshall, ditto. Corresponding Secretary: W. W. Reid, ditto. The convention was most respectably attended.

**New-York Riots.**—We had intended to give a detailed account of the late riots in the city of New-York, but the postponement of our paper renders it unnecessary to give them more than a passing notice. These disgraceful scenes have been generally ascribed to "the outrages upon public sentiment" made by the advocates of immediate emancipation; but, while we admit that some of the more zealous friends of the Anti-Slavery Society may have conducted themselves in an imprudent manner, yet we cannot but believe, with the *Evening Post* and several other New York papers, that the riots were mainly attributable to "the violent tirades of certain prints opposed to the Abolitionists—the *Commercial Advertiser* and *Courier & Enquirer* in particular." We have regretted to perceive, not only in these prints, but also in many others—and even in some religious papers too, gross misrepresentations of the conduct and intentions of the Abolitionists; imputing to them opinions and sentiments which, both in public and private, they have repeatedly disclaimed, and attributing their zeal in the great and good cause of Emancipation, to the basest and most wicked motives rather than to the true ones, which will ultimately prove to be such as none need blush to own or commend. We hope every member of the Anti-Slavery Society with which, to whatever loss or reproach it may temporarily subject us, we feel it an honor to be identified, will cordially adopt the following language of a correspondent in the last *E. Vangelist*, "If such doctrines and sentiments as these men (the abolitionists) support are incendiary; if the duty of universal benevolence and the exalted principles of 'peace to all' be the wildness of enthusiasm; if to advocate the cause of the 'suffering and the dumb,' and to stand forth in defence of the poor, down-trodden and bitterly oppressed, be the reckless 'visionary spirit of fanaticism;' then I say it is a blessed thing to be called, in this acceptance of the term, incendiaries, fanatics, enthusiasts. For myself, I ask no higher character than this, to support through my life, nor no more enduring inscription to be put upon my tombstone."

**The First and Last Appeal.**—It is neither our intention nor wish hereafter to occupy any portion of this paper with *deans*. We will now, once for all, say to those subscribers who have not paid for the first volume, that if they knew the distress and perplexity which their neglect occasions us, every one of them would immediately remit the \$2.00 due six months ago. We would appeal not less to their sense of justice, than to those generous feelings, for the possession of which we will yet give them credit. Let the present month testify whether the appeal shall be made in vain. New subscribers who commenced with the second volume, and old subscribers who have paid for the first volume, but have not paid in advance for the current year, will confer a favor on the proprietor and save themselves fifty cents, by paying \$2.50 prior to the 1st of August.

**Mr. Dowell's Journal.**—The last number of this periodical contains a *Sermon* on the Evils and Remedy of Lewdness, which was recently delivered in the Beecher-street church, Utica, and in the Second Presbyterian church, Rome, by the Rev. A. T. Hopkins, pastor of the Beecher-street Presbyterian church. This sermon, which has been published in compliance with the written request of a number of the most respectable members of both the congregations to which it was addressed, will, we doubt not, materially advance the important and much neglected cause whose interests the "Journal" is intended to promote.

**Prize Tale.**—We have much pleasure in presenting to our readers the interesting Tale to which a premium was awarded by the committee appointed for that purpose. It is written by S. Stevens, esq., formerly of this city, but now of Newstead, in this county. The romantic incidents and vivid descriptions which it contains, will, we doubt not, secure for it an ardent welcome and attentive perusal.

**Prize Biography.**—In our next number we shall publish an interesting and graphic memoir of Chancellor Wythe, of Virginia, to the writer of which, John F. Lewis, jun., of Penn Yan, Yates county, a premium was also awarded.

**Toronto.**—We are happy to learn, from the Canadian Correspondent, that the number of buildings now going on in the city of Toronto, more especially those of a spacious, elegant and durable character, exceeds all precedent in former years.

**Light House.**—Capt. Sylvanus Russel has been appointed keeper of the Buffalo Light House, in place of William Jones resigned.

Hereafter, until further notice, our Upper Canada subscribers will be charged with the provincial postage alone.

**Married.**—At Fredonia, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Cole, J. M. Robinson, esq., of Albany, to Miss Sarah L., daughter of Nathaniel Crosby, esq., of the former place.

In this city, on the 17th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Reese, Mr. Thomas J. Watson, of Buffalo, to Miss Sally Ann King, of Belvidere, New Jersey.

**Died.**—In this city, on Monday, Mrs. Lucy, consort of Mr. Nathaniel Wilgus, and daughter of Pardy Baker, of Hartford, Conn., aged 23 years.

At Black Rock, on Sunday morning, Mr. Jno. T. Lucy, aged 70 years.

Gov. Porter, of Michigan, died at Detroit on the 6th instant. His funeral was attended with great solemnity on the following day. He was in the 42d year of his age, and was in the full enjoyment of health but four days previous to his death. He succeeded Gov. Cass on his being appointed Secretary of War, in 1831.

At Black Rock, George Courtney, son of Capt. William L. Harrington, aged seven years and seven months.

## POETRY.

## SOLITUDE.

And what is solitude? Is it the shade  
Where nameless terrors brood—  
The lonely dell, or haunted glade,  
By gloomy phantasy arrayed?  
This is not solitude.

For I have dared alone to tread,  
In boyhood's transient mood,  
Among the mansions of the dead  
By night, when others all have fled—  
Yet felt not solitude.

And I have travelled far and wide,  
And dared by field and flood;  
Have slept upon the mountain side,  
Or slumbered on the ocean tide,  
And knew not solitude.

O'er prairies where the wild flowers bloom,  
Or through the silent wood,  
Where weeds o'er shade the traveller's tomb,  
It has been my fate to roam—  
Yet not in solitude.

For hope was mine, and friends sincere,  
The kindred of my blood,  
And I could think of objects dear,  
And tender images would cheer  
The gloom of solitude.

But when the friends of youth are gone,  
And the strong ties of blood,  
And sympathy, are riven one by one,  
The heart, bewildered and alone,  
Desponds in solitude.

Though crowds may smile, and pleasures gleam,  
To chase its gloomy mood,  
To that lone heart the world doth seem,  
An idle and a frightful dream  
Of hopeless solitude.

Do any feel for it? They have the will  
To do a seeming good;  
But stranger's kindness hath no skill  
To touch the deeply seated ill  
Of the heart's solitude.

[West. Mo. Mag.]

## THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

By Felicia Hemans.

'Oh! call my brother back to me!  
I cannot play alone;  
The summer comes with flowers and bees—  
Where is my brother gone?

The butterfly is glancing bright  
Across the sunbeam's track;  
I care not now to chase its flight,  
Oh! call my brother back!

The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed  
Around our garden tree;  
Our vine is dropping with its load,  
Oh! call him back to me!"

"He could not hear my voice, fair child!  
He may not come to thee;  
The face that once like spring-time smiled,  
On earth no more thou'lt see.

A rose's brief brief life of joy,  
Such unto him was given;  
Go—thou must play alone, my boy!  
Thy brother is in heaven."

"And has he left his birds and flowers,  
And must I call in vain?  
And through the long, long summer hours,  
Will he not come again?

And by the brook and in the glade  
Are all our wanderings o'er!  
Oh! while my brother with me play'd,  
Would I had lov'd him more!"

## FREEDOM'S LAND.

By J. Graham.

Away the tyrant's proud control;  
But come thou spirit of the free,  
And write this motto on my soul,  
"O, Freedom's land's the land for me!"

Although a desert were the soil,  
And cold as ice the polar sea;  
And I doomed there to hardest toil,  
Still Freedom's land's the land for me.

Were slavery's land as rich and fair  
As e'er Elysian fields could be;  
I would not be a monarch there;  
No—Freedom's land's the land for me.

When I am laid upon my bier,  
May those who bear me all be free;  
And let me have a freeman's tear,  
If ever one be shed for me.

And in that soil I fondly crave,  
Whose sons ne'er bend the slavish knee,  
O may some patriot dig my grave,  
For I would rest in dust that's free.

If aught be e'er marked o'er my head,  
Write this: "He wished all mankind free,"  
And with his latest breath he said,  
"O, Freedom's land's the land for me."

## HOME.

Is there a place that can impart  
Best visions to the aching heart?  
Is there a place whose image dear  
Can soothe our grief, dispel our fear?  
That place is home.

The exile, in far distant climes,  
Oh, oft remembers by-gone times,  
And o'er whatever land he roves,  
Remembers still the land he loves,  
Remembers home.

Whatever hardships be our lot,  
Still home's the touchstone of the heart;  
Whatever can our bosoms cheer,  
Whatever we regard as dear,  
Is found in home, sweet home.

## MISCELLANY.

*A Philosophical Hoax.*—Judge Brackenridge, the elder, had a deadly hostility to philosophical societies, against which he waged a war of extermination in the papers, and in the celebrated satirical work, *Teague O'Regan*. Few persons living know the time the provocation was given.

In the year 1785 or 1786, he was a candidate for a seat in the Legislature of Pennsylvania, for Alleghany county, where he resided. Parties ran high—and he was elected by the Constitutional Party (the democrats) under the idea that he would advocate some measure which they had very much at heart; among the rest, the reception of a certain species of province money, in payment of arrears due the government, for lands in that county. To the surprise and indignation of his constituents, he not only voted, but made a powerful speech against the last measure. He was then naturally and violently denounced by the Democratic party. About this period he became a candidate for membership in the American Philosophical Society, to which his talents gave him a claim superior to that of most, and perhaps nearly equal to that of any, of the members of that body.—The "deep damnation" of his vote respecting the province money, was an inexplicable sin in the opinion of the majority of the members, who were ultra democrats; and he was accordingly black-balled. This irritated him highly, and led to his warfare against all similar institutions. The Judge said that he delighted in hoaxing this Society; and among other tricks which he played them, he narrated the two following: he stole his grandmother's fan, and covered it for a considerable time in a mud-puddle. Having disguised it as completely as in his power, he sent it to the society, with an elaborate description, to prove that it was the wing of a bat. It was received with due solemnity, and a vote of thanks was passed to the donor. A debate arose as to the species of bat to which it belonged—and a committee of seven was appointed to ascertain whether it was the wing of a Madagascar or a Candia bat. The committee sat three weeks; and after consulting Buffon's history and Goldsmith's *Animated Nature*, they reported that it must have belonged to a Madagascar bat, as it wanted the characteristic marks of the true Candia bat. It was pronounced the greatest curiosity in the Museum, except a large sheet of brown paper which he had hung up in the chimney and disguised with soot and dirt, and palmed upon the society as a part of a *Bramin's shirt*! [Knickerbocker.]

*'Tricks upon Travellers.'*—The driver of a Germantown stage laid a wager that he would take no females in his vehicle, and yet not affront any lady who might make application for a seat. This was during the prevalence of the Yellow Fever in 1797, when three or four stages plied about the same hour from Germantown to Philadelphia. His was the first—and when a lady appeared at a door in the town, he cried, "Madam, there is another stage just behind." This satisfied the applicant, and Jehu drove on with a loud crack of the whip, crying out at the top of his voice, "All men!" This continued till he reached the end of the town, when he had his full complement, and won his wager. [lb.]

*Sinning with the Great.*—Great men often have queer whims. Mr. Jefferson published the first edition of his *Parliamentary Manual* without paging; a work, much of the utility of which depended on an accurate means of a correct and easy reference, to which proper paging and index are essential.

Folly, however ridiculous, is catching. F. X. Martin & Co., printers and booksellers, at Newbern, published several novels without, in imitation of Mr. Jefferson. This was rather less absurd than Mr. Jefferson's whim, as novels, do not require means of reference. [lb.]

*The Fine Arts.* The following fact respecting the Fine Arts may afford some amusement to the reader: A large and handsome engraving of "The mother of the children of Zebedee," was executed in London some years since, in which the mother appeared seated, with two children at her knees—the latter apparently about ten or twelve years old. I had the engraving copied, and sold some hundreds of them. They were purchased among others by gentlemen of the clerical profession, and for two or three years nobody here discovered the enormous error, nor, as far as I know, was it detected in London. At length a very common-place man whose physiognomy did not afford any indication of the slightest scintillation of intellect, was gazing with his mouth open at one of the engravings as it hung up in my store; and after some time, he cried out, "This is a laughable blunder: the children of Zebedee were Apostles, and therefore must have been grown men." [lb.]

*Gen. Lee and Junius.*—Among the various wild and extravagant conjectures respecting the authorship of Junius's Letters, the most truly ludicrous was that which ascribed them to Gen. Lee, from some incidents of little importance. It is difficult to find two styles that are so totally unlike. There is as much resemblance between a carving knife and one of Roger's highly polished razors, as between the style of the hero of the battle of Monmouth and that of Junius. [lb.]

*Geological Theories.*—In a recent and able memoir on the thermometrical state of the globe, M. Arago maintains these propositions: 1st. The earth was at one time fluid. 2d. The cause of that fluidity was fire. 3d. At the origin of all things, the earth was probably incandescent, and even now contains a large portion of its primitive heat. 4th. In two thousand years, the general temperature of the mass of the earth has not cooled the tenth part of a degree, and the demonstration of this proposition is derived from the orbit of the moon. M. Arago contends that the surface of the globe has cooled down to such an extent as scarcely to preserve a trace of its primitive temperature, though it is true that, at certain depths, the original heat is still prodigious. At the surface all the changes are reduced to almost the one thirtieth part of a degree.

*Similes.*—Homer compares the descent of Hector to the fall of a rock from the top of a mountain. An eastern poet says of a date tree, that its head reclines languidly, like a beautiful woman overcome with sleep. Milton likens the progress of crime to the lengthened shadows of a setting sun. Charles Burke, author of *Sublimities of Nature*, says, a happy life is neither like a pool nor a torrent, but like a gentle stream that glides smoothly and silently along. Rollin compares the temperate order of eloquence to a beautiful ruin embosomed in woods, and the sublime order to an impetuous river, rolling with such violence as to break down all that is opposed to it. A tyrant is compared to a stately tree, which had extended itself into many countries, and spread the shade of its branches over them, but at last being worn out, wasted and fell to the earth, and never recovered its verdure.

*Delicate Flattery.*—In Hungerford market, a lady laying her hand on a joint of veal, said to the butcher, "I think, Mr. B., this veal is not quite so white as usual." "Put on your glove, madam," replied the dealer, "and you will think differently."

*Subterranean Indian Village.*—We learn from the N. Y. Courier & Enq., that a subterranean Indian Village has recently been found by the Georgia Gold Miners in excavating a canal for the purpose of washing gold. It is in a place called *Nacoochee Valley*, and is from seven to nine feet below the surface. The houses which have been discovered, are thirtyfour in number, and are of the common Indian construction, being of logs of from six to ten inches diameter, and ten or twelve feet long, the whole imbedded to the depth mentioned, in a rich auriferous gravel. The land beneath which these interesting relics were found, was covered at its first settlement by the whites, by heavy timber, denoting great antiquity to the buildings. The following extracts from a letter to the editor of the Southern Banner, gives further particulars.

The houses are situated from 50 to 100 yards from the principal channel of the creek; and as no further excavations have been made, it is more than probable that new and more interesting developments will be made, when the land is worked for gold. A great number of curious specimens of workmanship have been found in situations, which preclude the possibility of their having been moved for more than a thousand years. During my mining operations last year, I found, at one time, about one half of a crucible, of the capacity of near a gallon. It was ten feet below the surface, and immediately beneath a large oak tree, which measured five feet in diameter, and must have been four or five hundred years old. The deposit was diluvial, or what may be termed table land. The stratum, of quartz gravel, in which the vessel was imbedded, is about two feet in thickness, resting upon decomposed chlorite slate. It is not difficult to account for the deposit of these substances in alluvial soil, for the hills are generally very high and precipitous, and from the immense quantity of rain which falls, the streams are swollen to a great height, sweeping every thing with them, and frequently forming a deposit of several feet in thickness in a season; but some of the diluvial land is from ten to fifty feet above the present level of the streams. These deposits exhibit appearances of as great attrition as those recently formed. There was a vessel, or rather a double mortar, found in Duke's Creek, about five inches in diameter, and the excavation on each side was nearly an inch in depth, basin like, and semi-transparent, but had become stained with the iron which abounds in all this country. In the bottom of each basin was a small depression half an inch in depth, and about the same diameter. What its use could have been, is difficult to conjecture. Some supposed it was used for grinding paint, &c., or in some of their plays or games. The high finish, and its exact dimensions, induce me to believe it the production of a more civilized people, than the present race of Indians.

*Chinese Printing.*—It is a curious fact, that printing in China remains now just as it was originally invented there. No advancement whatever has been made in the art. Engraving on blocks of wood was known and practised in China prior to the invention of printing in Germany, but moveable types have never yet been introduced or substituted for their wooden blocks. Science and the arts seem to remain stationary in the Celestial Empire, and it is the peculiar characteristic of this people to forego all innovations and continue in the same path they trod centuries ago.

*Irish Wit.*—Walter Scott one day met an Irish beggar in the street, who asked him for a sixpence; Sir Walter could not find one, and at last, gave him a shilling, saying with a laugh, "but mind now, you owe me a sixpence."—"Och, sure enough," says the beggar, "and God grant that you may live till I pay you."

*A New Test.*—The New York Commercial says: We have always loved flowers; to think of them, to gather them, to write about them, and we hereby caution every Cælebs never to marry a girl who does not love flowers—passionately love them.

*Use of Rivers.*—Brindley, an engineer, carried his attachment to artificial navigations so far, that, when examined before the house of commons, he spoke of rivers with most sovereign contempt. One of the members asked him for what purpose he apprehended rivers to have been created. To this, after a moment's pause, he replied, "To feed navigable canals."

*Truth.*—The heaviest fetter that ever weighed down the limbs of a captive is as the web of a gossamer, compared with the pledge of a man of honor. The wall of stone and the bar of iron may be broken, but the plighted word never.

*Hereditary Honors.*—A gentleman expatiated on the justice and propriety of an hereditary nobility. "Is it not right," said he, in order to hand down to posterity the virtues of those men who have been eminent for their services to the country, that their posterity should enjoy the honors conferred on them as a reward for such services?" "By the same rule," said a lady, "if a man is hanged for his misdeeds, all his posterity should be hanged too."

*Retirement.*—"There are minds," says Jefferson, "which can be pleased by honors and preferments; but I see nothing in them but envy and enmity. It is only necessary to possess them to know how little they contribute to happiness. I had rather be shut up in a very modest cottage with my books, my family and a few old friends, dining on simple bacon, and letting the world roll on as it likes, than to occupy the most splendid post which human power can give."

*Early Reputation.*—It is an old proverb, that he who aims at the sun, to be sure, will not reach it, but his arrow will fly higher than if he aimed at an object on a level with himself. Just so in the formation of a character. Set your standard high, and, though you may not reach it, you can hardly fail to rise higher than if you aimed at some inferior excellence. Young men are not, in general, conscious of what they are capable of doing. "They do not task their faculties, nor improve their power, nor attempt as they ought to rise to superior excellence. They have no high commanding object at which to aim; but often seem to be passing away life without him. The consequence is, their efforts are feeble; they are not waked up to any thing great or distinguished, and therefore fail to acquire a character of decided worth."

*Small errors.*—If we commit small faults without scruple to day, we shall commit great ones without hesitation to morrow.

## THE LITERARY INQUIRER,

And Repertory of Literature, Science and General Intelligence.

Is published every Wednesday, in quarto form, on a sheet of the same size as the New-York Mirror, and is devoted to Original and Selected Tales, Biographical Sketches, Poetry, Literary Intelligence, Domestic and Foreign News, &c.

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## POETRY.

## SOLITUDE.

And what is solitude? Is it the shade  
Where nameless terrors brood—  
The lonely dell, or haunted glade,  
By gloomy phantasy arrayed?  
This is not solitude.

For I have dared alone to tread,  
In boyhood's transient mood,  
Among the mansions of the dead  
By night, when others all have fled—  
Yet felt not solitude.

And I have travelled far and wide,  
And dared by field and flood;  
Have slept upon the mountain side,  
Or slumbered on the ocean tide,  
And knew not solitude.

O'er prairies where the wild flowers bloom,  
Or through the silent wood,  
Where weeds o'er shade the traveller's tomb,  
It oft has been my fate to roam—  
Yet not in solitude.

For hope was mine, and friends sincere,  
The kindred of my blood,  
And I could think of objects dear,  
And tender images would cheer  
The gloom of solitude.

But when the friends of youth are gone,  
And the strong ties of blood,  
And sympathy, are given one by one,  
The heart, bewildered and alone,  
Desponds in solitude.

Though crowds may smile, and pleasures gleam,  
To chase its gloomy mood,  
To that lone heart the world doth seem,  
An idle and a frightful dream  
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Do any feel for it? They have the will  
To do a seeming good;  
But stranger's kindness hath no skill  
To touch the deeply seated ill  
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[West. Mo. Mag.]

## THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

By Felicia Hemans.

"Oh! call my brother back to me!  
I cannot play alone;  
The summer comes with flowers and bees—  
Where is my brother gone?"

The butterfly is glancing bright  
Across the sunbeam's track;  
I care not now to chase its flight,  
Oh! call my brother back!"

The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed  
Around our garden tree;  
Our vine is drooping with its load,  
Oh! call him back to me!"

"He could not hear my voice, fair child!  
He may not come to thee;  
The face that once like spring-time smiled,  
On earth no more thou'lt see.

A rose's brief brief life of joy,  
Such unto him was given;  
Go—thou must play alone, my boy!  
Thy brother is in heaven."

"And has he left his birds and flowers,  
And must I call in vain?  
And through the long, long summer hours,  
Will he not come again?"

And by the brook and in the glade  
Are all our wanderings o'er?  
Oh! while my brother with me play'd,  
Would I had lov'd him more!"

## FREEDOM'S LAND.

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Away the tyrant's proud control;  
But come thou spirit of the free,  
And write this motto on my soul,  
"O, Freedom's land's the land for me!"

Although a desert were the soil,  
And cold as ice the polar sea;  
And I doomed there to hardest toil,  
Still Freedom's land's the land for me.

Were slavery's land as rich and fair  
As e'er Elysian fields could be;  
I would not be a monarch there;  
No—Freedom's land's the land for me.

When I am laid upon my bier,  
May those who bear me all be free;  
And let me have a freeman's tear,  
If ever one be shed for me.

And in that soil I fondly crave,  
Whose sons ne'er bend the slavish knee,  
O may some patriot dig my grave,  
For I would rest in dust that's free.

If caught be e'er marked o'er my head,  
Write this: "He wished all mankind free,"  
And with his latest breath he said,  
"O, Freedom's land's the land for me."

## HOME.

Is there a place that can impart  
Bliss visions to the aching heart?  
Is there a place whose image dear  
Can soothe our grief, dispel our fear?  
That place is home.

The exile, in far distant climes,  
Oft, oft remembers by-gone times,  
And o'er whatever land he roves,  
Remembers still the land he loves,  
Remembers home.

Whatever hardships be our lot,  
Still home's the touchstone of the heart;  
Whatever our bosoms cheer,  
Whatever we regard as dear,  
Is found in home, sweet home.

## MISCELLANY.

**A Philosophical Hoax.**—Judge Brackenridge, the elder, had a deadly hostility to philosophical societies, against which he waged a war of extermination in the papers, and in the celebrated satirical work, *Teague O'Regan*. Few persons living know the time the provocation was given.

In the year 1785 or 1786, he was a candidate for a seat in the Legislature of Pennsylvania, for Allegany county, where he resided. Parties ran high—and he was elected by the Constitutional Party (the democrats) under the idea that he would advocate some measure which they had very much at heart; among the rest, the reception of a certain species of province money, in payment of arrears due the government, for lands in that county. To the surprise and indignation of his constituents, he not only voted, but made a powerful speech against the last measure. He was then naturally and violently denounced by the Democratic party. About this period he became a candidate for membership in the American Philosophical Society, to which his talents gave him a claim superior to that of most, and perhaps nearly equal to that of any, of the members of that body.—The "deep damnation" of his vote respecting the province money, was an inexorable sin in the opinion of the majority of the members, who were ultra democrats; and he was accordingly black-balled. This irritated him highly, and led to his warfare against all similar institutions. The Judge said that he delighted in hoaxing this Society; and among other tricks which he played them, he narrated the two following: he stole his grandmother's fan, and covered it for a considerable time in a mud-puddle. Having disguised it as completely as in his power, he sent it to the society, with an elaborate description, to prove that it was the wing of a bat. It was received with due solemnity, and a vote of thanks was passed to the donor. A debate arose as to the species of bat to which it belonged—and a committee of seven was appointed to ascertain whether it was the wing of a Madagascar bat or a Candia bat. The committee sat three weeks; and after consulting Buffon's history and Goldsmith's *Animated Nature*, they reported that it must have belonged to a Madagascar bat, as it wanted the characteristic marks of the true Candia bat. It was pronounced the greatest curiosity in the Museum, except a large sheet of brown paper which he had hung up in the chimney and disguised with soot and dirt, and palmed upon the society as a part of a *Bramin's shirt*! [Knickerbocker.]

**'Tricks upon Travellers.'**—The driver of a Germantown stage laid a wager that he would take no females in his vehicle, and yet not affront any lady who might make application for a seat. This was during the prevalence of the Yellow Fever in 1797, when three or four stages plied about the same hour from Germantown to Philadelphia. His was the first—and when a lady appeared at a door in the town, he cried, "Madam, there is another stage just behind." This satisfied the applicant, and Jehu drove on with a loud crack of the whip, crying out at the top of his voice, "All men!" This continued till he reached the end of the town, when he had his full complement, and won his wager. [lb.]

**Simning with the Great.**—Great men often have queer whims. Mr. Jefferson published the first edition of his *Parliamentary Manual* without paging; a work, much of the utility of which depended on an accurate means of a correct and easy reference, to which proper paging and index are essential.

Folly, however ridiculous, is catching. F. X. Martin & Co., printers and booksellers, at Newbern, published several novels without, paging, in imitation of Mr. Jefferson. This was rather less absurd than Mr. Jefferson's whim, as novels, do not require means of reference. [lb.]

**The Fine Arts.** The following fact respecting the Fine Arts may afford some amusement to the reader: A large and handsome engraving of "The mother of the children of Zebedee," was executed in London some years since, in which the mother appeared seated, with two children at her knees—the latter apparently about ten or twelve years old. I had the engraving copied, and sold some hundreds of them. They were purchased among others by gentlemen of the clerical profession, and for two or three years nobody here discovered the enormous error, nor, as far as I know, was it detected in London. At length a very common-place man whose physiognomy did not afford any indication of the slightest scintillation of intellect, was gazing with his mouth open at one of the engravings as it hung up in my store; and after some time, he cried out, "This is a laughable blunder: the children of Zebedee were Apostles, and therefore must have been grown men." [lb.]

**Gen. Lee and Junius.**—Among the various wild and extravagant conjectures respecting the authorship of Junius's Letters, the most truly ludicrous was that which ascribed them to Gen. Lee, from some incidents of little importance. It is difficult to find two styles that are so totally unlike. There is as much resemblance between a carving knife and one of Roger's highly polished razors, as between the style of the hero of the battle of Monmouth and that of Junius. [lb.]

**Geological Theories.**—In a recent and able memoir on the thermometrical state of the globe, M. Arago maintains these propositions: 1st. The earth was at one time fluid. 2d. The cause of that fluidity was fire. 3d. At the origin of all things, the earth was probably incandescent, and even now contains a large portion of its primitive heat. 4th. In two thousand years, the general temperature of the mass of the earth has not cooled the tenth part of a degree, and the demonstration of this proposition is derived from the orbit of the moon. M. Arago contends that the surface of the globe has cooled down to such an extent as scarcely to preserve a trace of its primitive temperature, though it is true that, at certain depths, the original heat is still prodigious. At the surface all the changes are reduced to almost the one fortieth part of a degree.

**Similes.**—Homer compares the descent of Hector to the fall of a rock from the top of a mountain. An eastern poet says of a date tree, that its head reclines languidly, like a beautiful woman overcome with sleep. Milton likens the progress of crime to the lengthened shadows of a setting sun. Charles Burke, author of *Sublimities of Nature*, says, a happy life is neither like a pool nor a torrent, but like a gentle stream that glides smoothly and silently along. Rollin compares the temperate order of eloquence to a beautiful ruin embosomed in woods, and the sublime order to an impetuous river, rolling with such violence as to break down all that is opposed to it. A tyrant is compared to a stately tree, which had extended itself into many countries, and spread the shade of its branches over them, but at last being worn eaten, wasted and fell to the earth, and never recovered its verdure.

**Delicate Flattery.**—In Hungerford market, a lady laying her hand on a joint of veal, said to the butcher, "I think, Mr. B., this veal is not quite so white as usual." "Put on your glove, madam," replied the dealer, "and you will think differently."

**Subterranean Indian Village.**—We learn from the N. Y. Courier & Enq., that a subterranean Indian Village has recently been found by the Georgia Gold Miners in excavating a canal for the purpose of washing gold. It is in a place called *Nacoochee Valley*, and is from seven to nine feet below the surface. The houses which have been discovered, are thirtyfour in number, and are of the common Indian construction, being of logs of from six to ten inches diameter, and ten or twelve feet long, the whole imbedded to the depth mentioned, in a rich auriferous gravel. The land beneath which these interesting relics were found, was covered at its first settlement by the whites, by heavy timber, denoting great antiquity to the buildings. The following extracts from a letter to the editor of the Southern Banner, gives further particulars.

The houses are situated from 50 to 100 yards from the principal channel of the creek; and as no further excavations have been made, it is more than probable that new and more interesting developments will be made, when the land is worked for gold. A great number of curious specimens of workmanship have been found in situations, which preclude the possibility of their having been moved for more than a thousand years. During my mining operations last year, I found, at one time, about one half of a crucible, of the capacity of near a gallon. It was ten feet below the surface, and immediately beneath a large oak tree, which measured five feet in diameter, and must have been four or five hundred years old. The deposit was diluvial, or what may be termed table land. The stratum, of quartz gravel, in which the vessel was imbedded, is about two feet in thickness, resting upon decomposed chlorite slate. It is not difficult to account for the deposit of these substances in alluvial soil, for the hills are generally very high and precipitous, and from the immense quantity of rain which falls, the streams are swollen to a great height, sweeping every thing with them, and frequently forming a deposit of several feet in thickness in a season; but some of the diluvial land is from ten to fifty feet above the present level of the streams. These deposits exhibit appearances of as great attrition as those recently formed. There was a vessel, or rather a double mortar, found in Duke's Creek, about five inches in diameter, and the excavation on each side was nearly an inch in depth, basin like, and semi-transparent, but had become stained with the iron which abounds in all this country. In the bottom of each basin was a small depression half an inch in depth, and about the same diameter. What its use could have been, is difficult to conjecture. Some supposed it was used for grinding paint, &c., or in some of their plays or games. The high finish, and its exact dimensions, induce me to believe it the production of a more civilized people, than the present race of Indians.

**Chinese Printing.**—It is a curious fact, that printing in China remains now just as it was originally invented there. No advancement whatever has been made in the art. Engraving on blocks of wood was known and practised in China prior to the invention of printing in Germany, but moveable types have never yet been introduced or substituted for their wooden blocks. Science and the arts seem to remain stationary in the Celestial Empire, and it is the peculiar characteristic of this people to forego all innovations and continue in the same path they trod centuries ago.

**Irish Wit.**—Walter Scott one day met an Irish beggar in the street, who asked him for a sixpence; Sir Walter could not find one, and at last, gave him a shilling, saying with a laugh, "but mind now, you owe me a sixpence."—"Och, sure enough," says the beggar, "and God grant that you may live till I pay you."

**A Nao Test.**—The New York Commercial says: We have always loved flowers; to think of them, to gather them, to write about them, and we hereby caution every Cælebs never to marry a girl who does not love flowers—passionately love them.

**Use of Rivers.**—Brindley, an engineer, carried his attachment to artificial navigations so far, that, when examined before the house of commons, he spoke of rivers with most sovereign contempt. One of the members asked him for what purpose he apprehended rivers to have been created. To this, after a moment's pause, he replied, "To feed navigable canals."

**Truth.**—The heaviest fetter that ever weighed down the limbs of a captive is as the web of a gossamer, compared with the pledge of a man of honor. The wall of stone and the bar of iron may be broken, but the plighted word never.

**Hereditary Honors.**—A gentleman expatiated on the justice and propriety of an hereditary nobility. "Is it not right," said he, in order to hand down to posterity the virtues of those men who have been eminent for their services to the country, that their posterity should enjoy the honors conferred on them as a reward for such services?" "By the same rule," said a lady, "if a man is hanged for his misdeeds, all his posterity should be hanged too."

**Retirement.**—"There are minds," says Jefferson, "which can be pleased by honors and preferments; but I see nothing in them but envy and enmity. It is only necessary to possess them to know how little they contribute to happiness. I had rather be shut up in a very modest cottage with my books, my family and a few old friends, dining on simple bacon, and letting the world roll on as it likes, than to occupy the most splendid post which human power can give."

**Early Reputation.**—It is an old proverb, that he who aims at the sun, to be sure, will not reach it, but his arrow will fly higher than if he aimed at an object on a level with himself. Just so in the formation of a character. Set your standard high, and, though you may not reach it, you can hardly fail to rise higher than if you aimed at some inferior excellence. Young men are not, in general, conscious of what they are capable of doing. "They do not task their faculties, nor improve their power, nor attempt as they ought to rise to superior excellence. They have no high commanding object at which to aim; but often seem to be passing away life without him. The consequence is, their efforts are feeble; they are not waked up to any thing great or distinguished, and therefore fail to acquire a character of decided worth."

**Small errors.**—If we commit small faults without scruple to day, we shall commit great ones without hesitation to morrow.

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